MONKEE DATING SECRETS

SEPT/25c

16 MAGAZINE

PDC

DAVY'S DESIRES PETER'S PLEASURES

A WHOLE EVENING ALONE WITH THEM

80 ALL-STAR PERSONAL ADDRESSES — *INSIDE*

7 SOOPA DOOPA COLOR PIN-UPS
MICKY
MARK REVERE
NEW RAIDERS
CHARLIE FREDDY
JOE JR. MONKEES

DAVY
"COME TO MY HIDEAWAY"

MARK
"THE BAD THINGS I DO"

FREDDY
ANSWERS 40 SNOOPY ?s

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MICKY'S MOST INTIMATE PIX

PLUS
DD&B
HERMAN
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YOU'RE *TELLING* ME!

FROM GLORIA STAVERS

I want to assure each and every one of you who have ever written a letter to me, at *16* Magazine, that every single letter is read and that careful consideration is given to everything you write. I'm sure you understand that there isn't enough space in my magazine for me to publish every letter and that there simply isn't enough time for me to answer every letter personally. But please know that I'm deeply grateful to you for writing me and that I appreciate every suggestion and criticism you address to me. Write to me as follows; Miss Gloria Stavers, *16* Magazine, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

MONKEE SWEATSHIRTS

Dear Miss Stavers,

Could you please tell me how I can get a MONKEE sweatshirt? I'm dying to get one!

Carlo Kilbey

Trenton, Dhio

• *Dear Carlo,*

If you can't find one in your local department, dime or variety store, ask the owner to write to Pembroke Mfg. Co., 350 Fifth Ave., New York City, and order a supply for you and your gang.

FIFTH ESTATER

Dear Miss Stavers,

I just love the FIFTH ESTATE and their record *Ding Dong The Witch Is Dead.* Could you print their picture and tell me how to write to them?

Helen Greeley

Springfield, Ill.

• *Dear Helen,*

Here are RIK, DUCK, WADS, FURVUS and D. WILLIAM—all *of the fab FIFTH ESTATE. You can write to them at Real Good Prods., Suite 905, 1697 Broadway, New York City.*

MORE MONKEE JOY!

Dear Miss Stavers,

My mother brought in the mail the other day and I saw something for me from *16* Magazine lying on top! It was my *Monkee Private Picture Book*—and it is *sensational!* I got so hung up on it that I burnt my lunch, but I didn't care cos when I finished my *Monkee* book I felt as though I *really knew* Mike, Micky, Peter and Davy!

Debbie Povick

Chicago, Ill.

• *Dear Debbie,*

You're a dear for digging it and for thanking me. Any other of you 16*-ers who want to get hung up MONKEE-wise,* *turn to Page 11.*

LOVIN' COUPLE

Dear Miss Stavers,

Please print this picture of a New York couple who can swing up a storm and who are just getting started. They are called the LOVIN' COUPLE and their first single, *Winter In My Heart,* is on Bell Records.

PETER ASHER'S BOOK SHOP

Dear Miss Stavers,

I lost the address of PETER ASHER's London book shop where you can order CHARLIE WATTS' and JOHN LENNON's books—not to mention quite a few other nice English goodies. Could you please print that address again?

Betsy Grady

Memphis, Tenn.

• *Dear Betsy,*

Indica is located at 102 Southampton Row, London WC 1, Eng. PETER will be glad to hear from you and help you if he can.

RAH RAH RAT PATROL

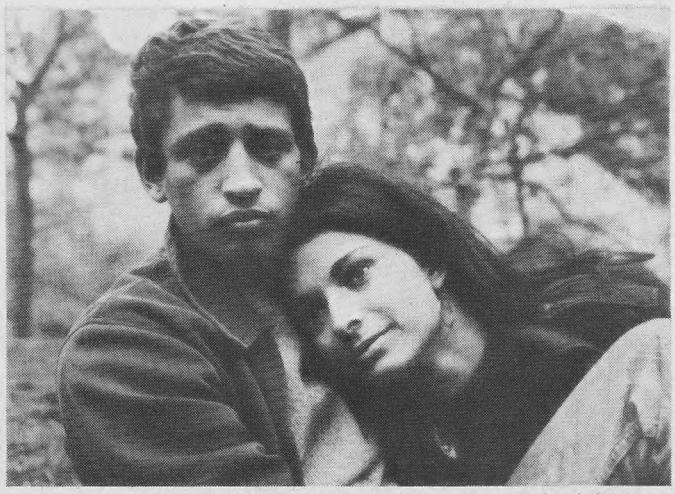
Dear Miss Stavers,

What's shakin' with the RAT PATROL guys — they're my fave-raves.

Mara Snyder

S. Orange, N.J.

The Fifth Estate: left to right, Rik, Duck, Wads, Furvus and D. William.



Lovin' Couple

ATTENTION
ALL SWINGING 16-ERS!

Ever have trouble getting *16* at your newsstand? Ever feel like having a fit when you find out the last copy has just been sold? Ever hear your girl friends tell you they can't find *16* in *their* neighborhood?

Well, you can help out and put an end to this ridiculous situation. Just fill in this coupon, cut it out and send it along with whatever else you are sending to *16*. The problem will promptly be taken care of—and *16* will be oh, so grateful to YOU!

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• *Dear Mara,*

The show will continue next season with its groovy cast (including GARY RAYMOND and CHRIS GEORGE, pictured here). CHRIS will also do a movie for Paramount.

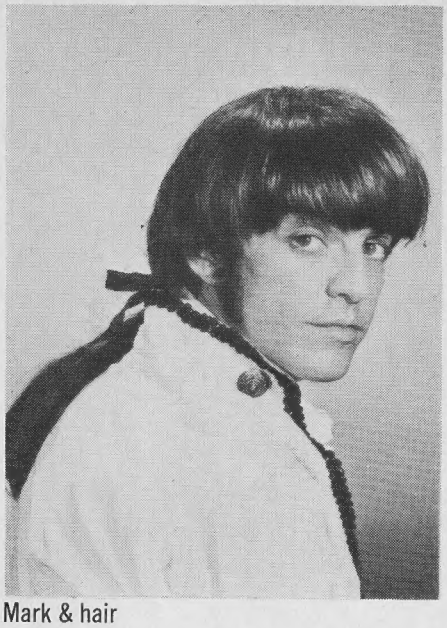
HATES MARK'S HAIR!

Dear Miss Stavers,

I like long hair on boys, but when it comes to wearing a pony-tail with a bow ribbon on it — well, that's *horrible!* My parents saw MARK'S picture and they say he's going too far. I think he is handsome and a wonderful singer, but couldn't he *cut* his pony-tail?

Sue Miles

Buckingham, Va.



Mark & hair

• *Dear Sue,*

To cut or not to cut?—that is the question. I'll leave it in the hands—as it were—of my millions of 16 *readers. Ill let you know later how they voted. Meanwhile, you* 16*-ers write and tell me what you think MARK* should *do.*

DAVY DARLIN'

Dear Miss Stavers,

Please print this pic my dad took of my mom when they met DAVY JONES, when they were all vacationing in Nassau. Mom sez DAVY is a darlin'.

Debbie West

Wilmington, Del.

MONKEE ENGLISH FAN CLUB

Dear Gloria,

We were deluged with mail from your readers after you ran our address. We would like to try to help all *16*-ers, who so desire, get a British pen friend, but your readers *must* enclose 15¢ for postage in each letter or we simply will go broke from buying enough postage to answer back. O.K.?

J. Cowley

Official Monkees Club
30A Horsefair
Smallbrook, Ringway
Birmingham, Eng.

WHO IS "?" ?

Dear Miss Stavers,

What is QUESTION MARK's real name and where can I write to him?

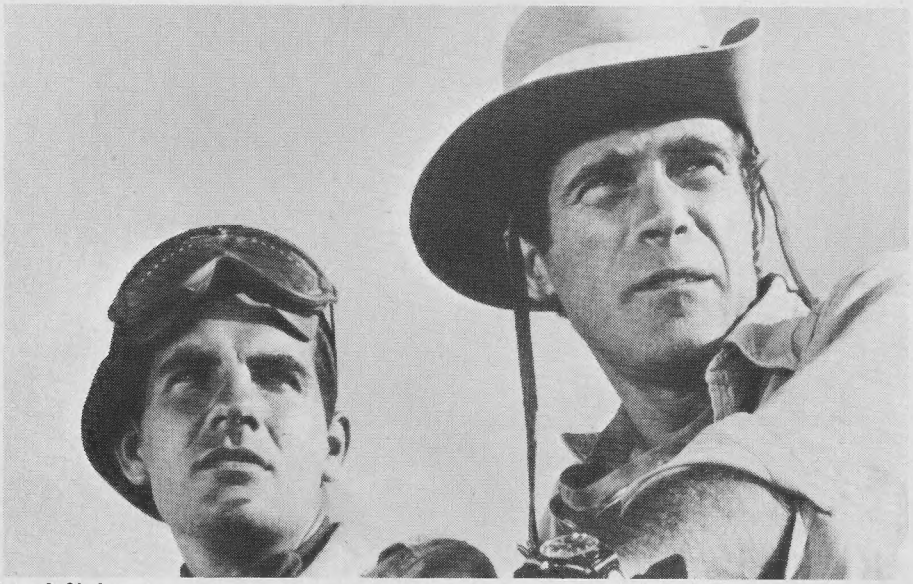
Bettina Oldham

New York City

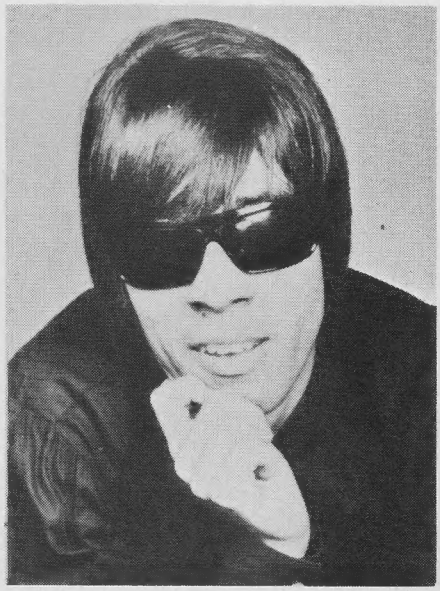
• *Dear Bettina,*

? (that's right) is now the legal *name of RUDY MARTINEZ, lead singer of ? THE MYSTERIANS. You can write to him at Cameo-Parkway Records, 250 W. 57th Street, New York City.*

Deb's mom & friend



Gary & Chris



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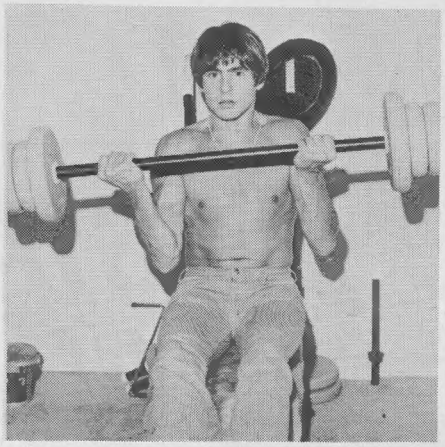
LAST-minute flashes BY GEEGEE

Sally Fields in ABC-TV's The Flying Nun.

Julie Anderson



Davy and his new craze.

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

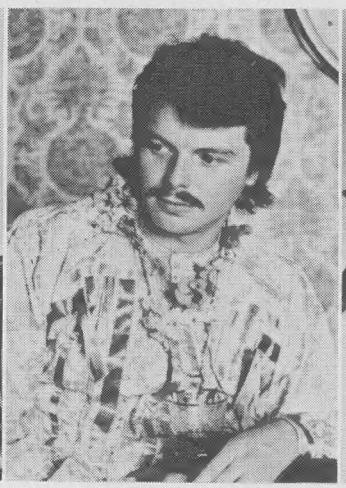
Elvis Presley's wedding gift to his lovely bride **Priscilla** will be a new home *any place in the world* she wants it! She's thinking about a fabulous estate in Palm Springs, Calif. — price tag $1,000,000.

Look for *The Flying Nun* to be the most sensational new TV show of next season. And speaking of nuns, the cutie with the big grin on this page is actually Woburn Collegiate Institute student **Julie Anderson,** enjoying herself just before she went on stage as one of the nuns in the school's production of *The Sound Of Music* . . . **Tommy Norden,** formerly of *Flipper,* will be doing personal appearances this summer at resorts all over America. Next fall he enters Power Memorial Academy in New York City . . . **Davy Jones'** latest craze is weight-lifting — and his brand-new Hollywood Hills home has a small gymnasium in it.

After their split, the **Walker Brothers** made the following announcement: **Scott** will go solo, **Gary** will form a new group and **John** has teamed up with two swinging singing sisters, **Sunny** and **Sue.** All three boys will continue to operate out of England . . . Dig **Keith's** adorable new haircut. His real name is **James Barry Keefer** and his back-up group is called the **Wild Kingdom.**

Pick for stardom: **Scott McKenzie,** whose first single *San Francisco — Wear Flowers* was A&R'd by **Papa John Phillips.** Write to **Scott** in care of Ron Tepper, 8961 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles Calif. . . . Also pick the **Cryan' Shames** on Columbia (their LP is called *Sugar & Spice), and* the **Nitty Gritty Dirt Band** and **Every Mothers' Son** — pictured here with three of their mothers.

Keith and his new haircut.



Scott M

The Cryan' Shames

Every Mothers' Sons and moms.

16

TOP FAVORITE OF OVER FIVE MILLION TEENERS

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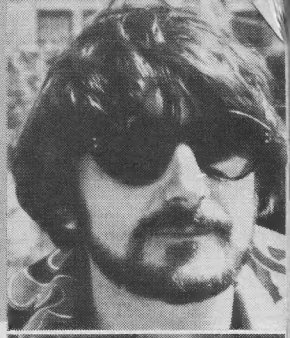

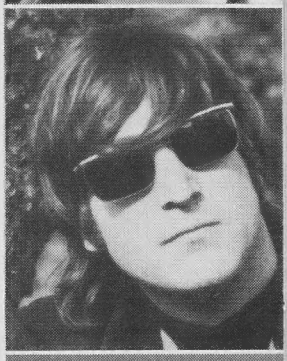

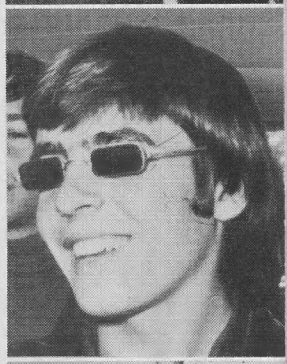

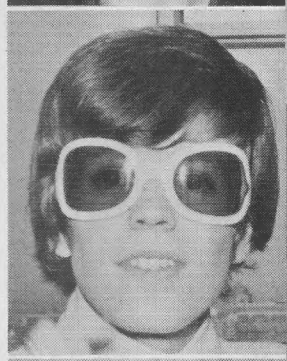

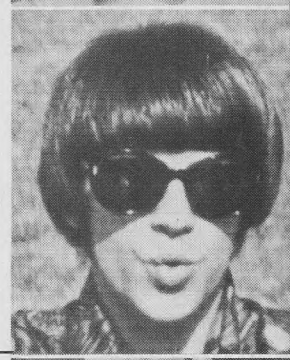

GLORIA STAVERS, Editor-in-Chief
Georgia Winters, Consulting Editor
Editorial Address: 16 Magazine, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

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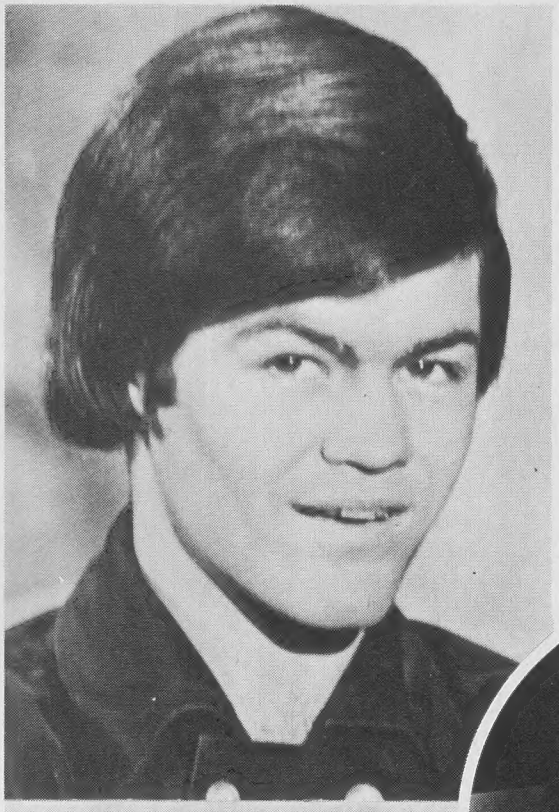
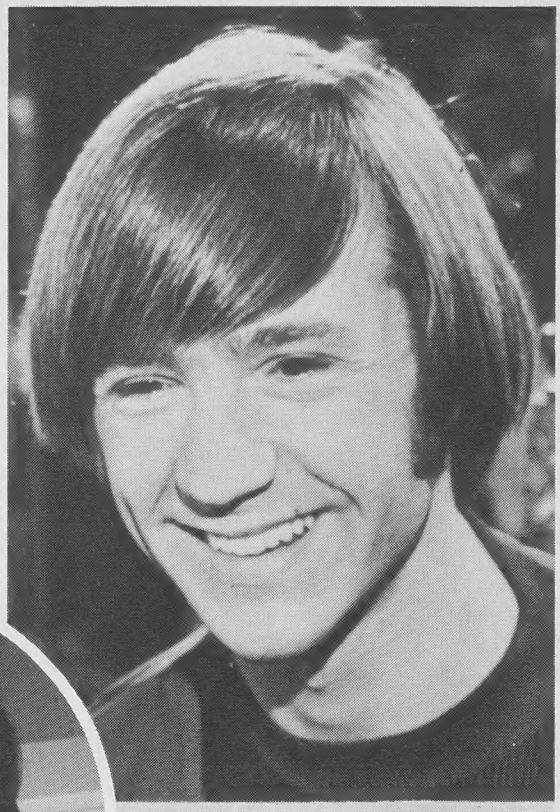
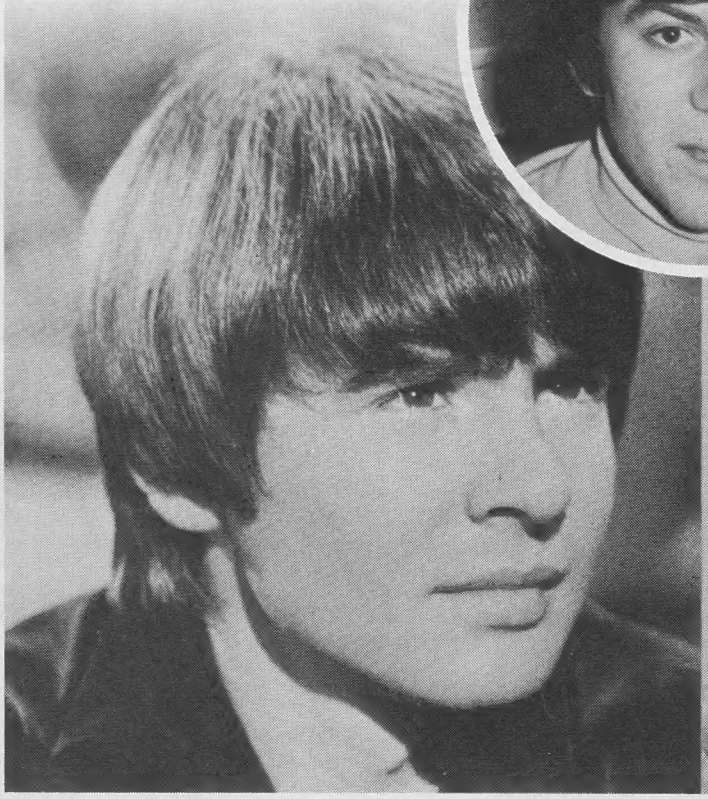
MONKEES & ME

BY DAVID PEARL







Come along on a Monkee TRIPLE-DATE! And who are the happy THREE? Two Monkees—Davy Jones and Peter Tork—and YOU, that's who!

HOW WOULD YOU like to have not one, not two, but *three* dates in one glorious day? And how would you like to have your Monkee escorts be not one, but *two* super-fantabulous Monkees? Sound too good to be true? Well, welcome to *16*-land, where dreams *do* come true. Comb your hair, powder your nose and grab your bathing suit, cos you're about to take off for a rave-up afternoon with Peter Tork *and* Davy Jones! *After* which, you will have a swinging evening consisting of a date with Peter Tork *followed* by a date with Davy Jones! So hop to it, lucky little lady.

SWIMMING LESSON FROM PETER

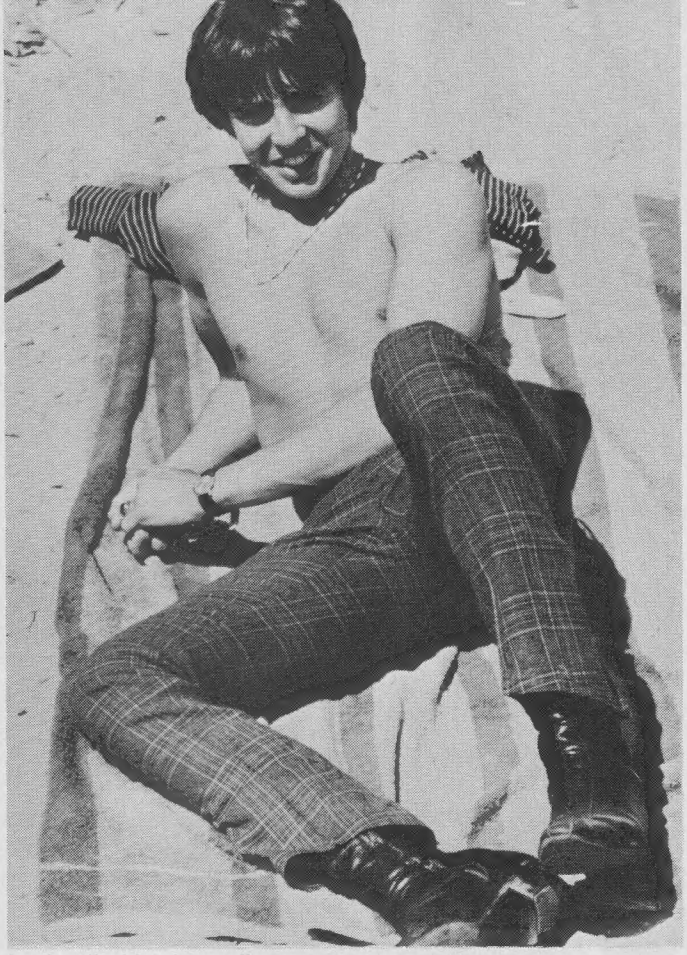
Peter Tork's new SAAB Sonnet (this is a small Swedish sports car) doesn't have stereo *or* a telephone *or* an air-conditioner *or* even a radio, but it *does* have something that no other car in the whole wide world has right now—it has Peter Tork and Davy Jones and *you* sandwiched in between them in the front seat on the way to Huntington Beach in California!

Long before he was a Monkee, Peter Tork used to work in The Golden Bear, a folk club at Huntington Beach. So, for old times' sake, the boys have decided to get their tans there on one of their very few Saturday evenings off. At the beach, each of you vanishes into your lockers for a while, emerging to meet and find a choice spot to spread your blankets and towels, and to sit down and start rubbing on the suntan lotion. The first thing Davy does—after he has rubbed your back with suntan lotion, of course—is to stretch straight out and soak in the sun.

"He's lucky," Peter says to you. "Look at him. He can lie there all day, flop over once like a piece of toast—and turn golden-brown. If I did that, within one hour I would be beet-red and in *agony!*"

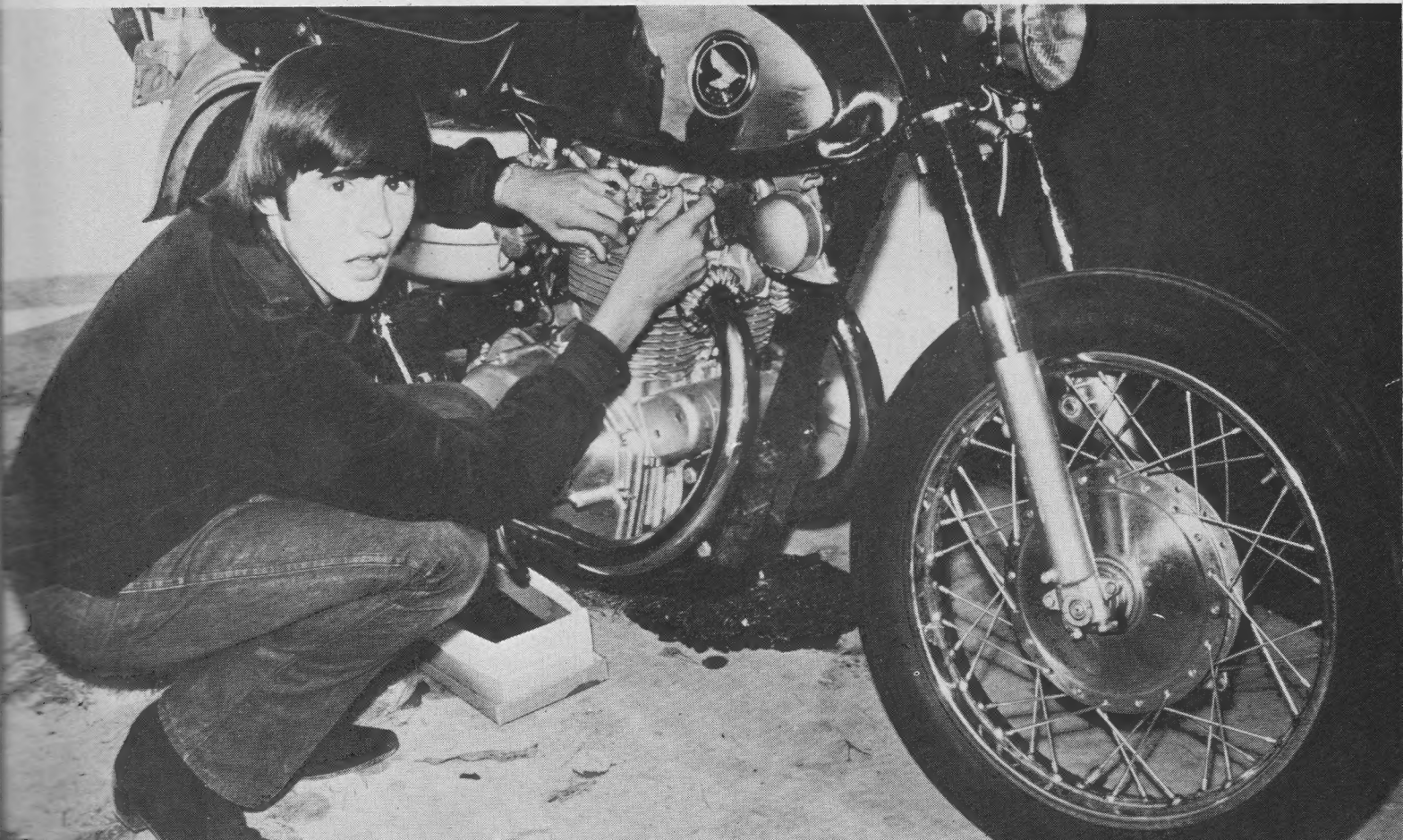
Davy suppresses a giggle and doesn't open his eyes. "Why don't you go *drown* yourself?" he mumbles. "There's a *great big* pond called the Pacific Ocean right out there."

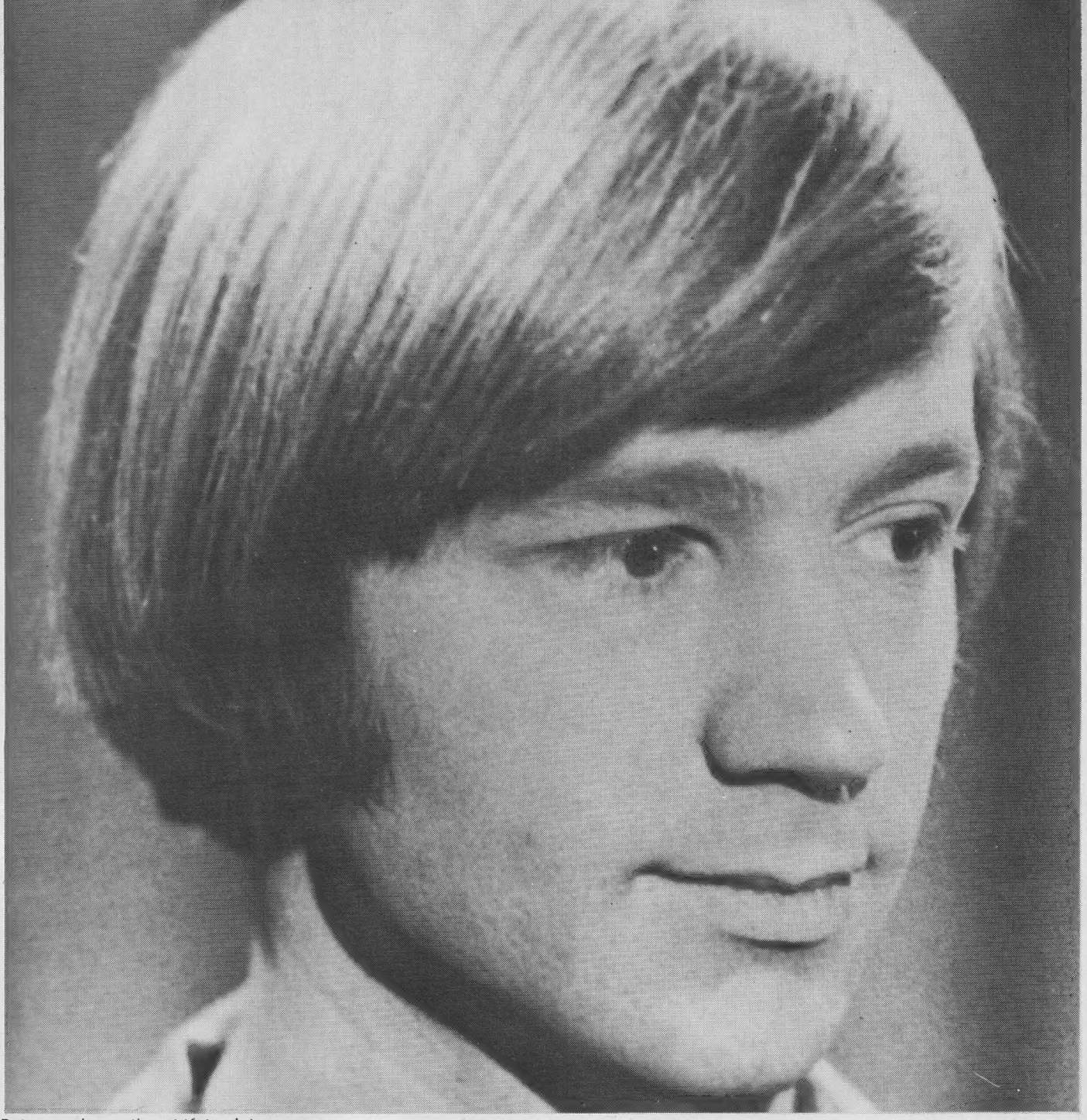
"Don't mind if I do," says Peter, hopping up. "Want to come along?"—and he reaches for your hand. Before you know it, you and Peter Tork are running along the golden sand under the warm California sun—hand-in-hand. At the water's edge your heart is beating a mile a minute, but you still have enough presence of mind to stuff your hair under your cute flower-like



Getting "golden brown."

Davy oils up his bike for the evening's ride.





Peter ponders a thoughtful point.

bathing cap, so that you can keep your locks dry (remembering that you still have *two* more dates to come).

Peter is a very good swimmer and he doesn't mind giving you a lesson or two. In fact, being a red-blooded American male, he particularly *likes* to give girls swimming lessons—so if you *can* swim, be smart and pretend that you *can't*. Dig?

MONKEES UNDER A BLANKET

By the time you and Peter have finished your swim and returned to your spot on the beach, quite a crowd has formed around Davy.

"Hey, ain't you Davy Jones—*dah?*" Peter asks in his best Brooklyn accent as you push your way through the crowd.

"No, I'm a bloody magician!" grins Davy, as he signs a final autograph for a bug-eyed fan. "Watch me do my disappearing act—" And he quickly lifts up the blanket, slides under it and *vanishes!*

The crowd turns and stares in awe at Peter for a moment or two. It's like they just can't believe their eyes. *Two Monkees in one day at Huntington Beach!* Before they can get their wits together, Peter sticks his arm out to you and says, "Will you join me?"—and the two of you dive under the blanket with Davy.

"Hey, don't I know you two from somewhere?" Davy asks in a heavy Manchester accent.

"Don't speak to strangers under blankets," Peter whispers in your ear, and you all share a laugh together.

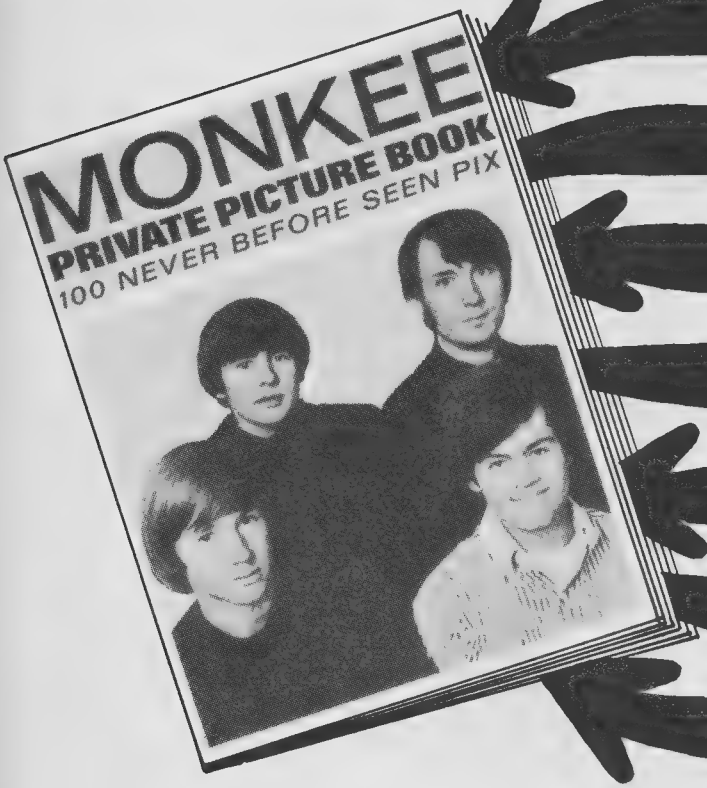
"Actually, this is quite good for me," says Peter. "Now I won't get sunburned."

"Well, I have got enough for today, so what do you say we go get some ice cream and split," Davy suggests.

Ice cream turns out to be not such a good idea. The closer you get to the stand, the more people are attracted to you and your two famous companions. In the end you get all your things together, make a quick change and dash *madly* for the car! Once there, you slam the doors and take off—leaving a bunch of disillusioned Monkee-lovers rushing along in your wake. It's just like being in a *romp* on *The Monkees* television show!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

GRAB IT NOW! 16's FAB NEW MONKEE PRIVATE PICTURE BOOK



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'ME' BY RAIDER CHARLIE COE

FAX: I'm 21 years old and my next birthday is November 17. My mom Neona and dad Chantson and my two brothers and one sister now live in Boise, Idaho. By the time you read this, I will either have my own Hollywood apartment just off the Strip or I will be sharing Mark's Hollywood home with him. (By the way, Mark and I have been buddies for four and a half years). I have auburn hair and brown eyes and am wild about cats, Audrey Hepburn, the Beatles, pistachio nuts, playing chess and girls.

GIRLS: *They are my favorite subject and I hope that* after *two years from now I can find one whom I can love, marry and settle down with. Meanwhile, when I have time I love dating girls who are witty, sentimental and good-looking (but not beautiful). I like a girl who is a* real-girl *— that is, a girl with her* own *fingernails, her* own *hair, her* own *eyelashes and the rest. If I see a bunch of girls, the first one I notice is the blonde but, oddly enough, I never can seem to get close to blondes. There is something cool and aloof about them that turns me off, so I always end up with brunettes, brownettes, and redheads. I like for a girl to be able to carry on an intelligent conversation, but I don't like girls who talk too much. I don't like girls who stare in the mirror all the time, or girls who bite their nails or play with their hair. More than anything, I love honesty. If I find a girl who is sincere, honest and warm — all the rest can go by the board. I'll be happy with her just like that.*

THE FUTURE: My future is being a Raider. I was one once before, several years ago, and I quit because I couldn't sing harmony. Now I can sing and I rotate playing lead and rhythm guitar with Freddy. We recently got two white double-neck guitars for our tour — hope you saw them *and* us, of course. I hope that in the future I will become as good a guitar player as it is humanly possible for me to be. Last but not least, I hope the future finds me eventually settled as a 100% Raider in *your* heart. I know that its hard to fill anybody else's shoes, and I am not going to try to. I just want you to give me a chance to show you what I can do. It's an honor and a privilege to have this opportunity and I promise I won't fail you.

YOU can write to Paul, Mark and the rest of us Raiders at 9126 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Love
Paul
Love
Mark
Hi-
Freddy
Best
Jack Jr.

DO YOU HAVE some personal questions that are crying for an answer? Do you need heartfelt advice from someone who knows and cares? Do you feel that there is no one that you can turn to or trust? If you answer yes to all of these questions, please don't despair — because Sonny and I are really here and we really are going to help you. Each month we carefully read your mail and pick out a cross-section of the most important questions that you ask. If your answer is not here in this issue, keep looking — because sooner or later we will get around to you and your problem.

DEAR CHER...

PIMPLES

Dear Cher,

My life is a nightmare because I have blackheads and pimples. I have even had a couple of acne bumps — and I don't know what to do. I am 12 years old.

Miserable

Boise, Idaho

• *Dear Miserable,*

Here are the basic precautions all people with a tendency towards pimples should take. Keep your face clean at all times. Have a soft brush or a special wash cloth for your face only. These implements should be kept spotlessly clean. Wash your face each morning and each evening (gently, but thoroughly) with a mild soap (which you can get at the dime store). Rinse your face by splashing lukewarm water on it. Pat dry with a spotlessly clean face towel. If you carry a handbag, put a small plastic bottle of astringent in it (glycerine and rosewater will do — also from the dime store). Carry some clean cotton pads. During the day, when your skin gets oily or you feel that it's getting dirty, take out your astringent and cotton pads and give your face a gentle cleansing. Don't be embarrassed. After all, aren't pimples and blackheads even more *embarrassing? Avoid chocolate, soda pop, fried foods, coconut and ice cream. Drink at least five glasses of water a day. If you find you are developing acne, consult your doctor. You can get a free pamphlet on what to do about acne by writing to: The American Medical Association, Committee on Cutaneous Health, 535 N. Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois 60610.*

FRIGHTENED OF BOYS

Dear Cher,

I am 12 years old and there is a boy in my school who is supposed to like me and wants to meet me. I get embarrassed every time I see him. I'm too shy to talk and I'm scared that he will get bored or mad. What can I do to get something going?

Desperate

Philadelphia, Pa.

• *Dear Desperate,*

You really answered your own question, you know. You pointed out that you are scared, *and that is your real problem. What are you afraid of? What can he do to you — bite your head off? Come out from behind that cloud of fear and let your sunlight shine on this boy. First, try giving him a smile and a friendly "hi" when you pass him. Once you break the ice that way, the rest will be easy.*

DEAR SONNY...

"TUFF" CHICK

Dear Sonny,

What do boys think of girls who dress and act like boys?

Tomboy

New York City

• **Dear Tomboy,**

Usually, they don't like them. Above all, boys like femininity. If you have boyish mannerisms, you'll get treated as one of the guys, and most boys don't want to go out with a girl like that. You can wear slacks and still be feminine. Boys and girls can dress alike and even wear their hair alike, but the real difference remains: he should feel that he is stronger than you and that he is the leader. Don't compete. Be friendly, but let him hold the reins.

DIRTY LOOKS

Dear Sonny,

I am 15 years old and there is a boy who lives on my block whom I like a lot. Every Saturday night, no matter where he goes, I seem to show up at the same place. If I see him or say "hi" and smile, he gives me a dirty look and turns away. He thinks I am following him. How can I tell him that I'm not?

Confused

Mt. Ephram, N.J.

• **Dear Confused,**

Maybe you are **following him. There is nothing wrong with that — so please don't deceive yourself. Here is what you should do: continue to show up wherever he is for the next two or three Saturdays and then** don't **show up for the following two. My theory is that when you** don't **show up, his ego will be hurt and he will start wondering where you are. After that, show up again and say "hi" and see what happens.**

That's it for now. If you have a personal problem of any nature, just write to us at the address below and we will try to help you. Our address it:

DEAR CHER (or)
DEAR SONNY
16 Magazine
745 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Her Majesty, Miss 16 of America

MARSHA BEAUGEZ is completing her reign in a burst of glory as 50,000 girls in North America compete for the honor of becoming her successor.

Contests were held in 65 cities and all of the winners will be presented in the October issue of 16 Magazine, on sale August 22.

The local winners were crowned in high school auditoriums, at county fairs, in stadiums and — in Wichita, Kansas — as a prelude to the Monkees' concert before 10,000 people.

Before the Monkees concert in Wichita, Kansas, Micky Dolenz interviewed two **Miss 16** contest semi-finalists on KFH Radio.

Miss 16 of America, Marsha Beaugez, making an appearance at Expo 67 in Montreal, Canada, as the guest of CFOX Radio. As **Miss 16,** Marsha has appeared on television in New York City, Cleveland and Chicago, and has traveled coast-to-coast.

Semi-finalists on a **Miss 16** contest televised by WPTA-TV of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Announcing the winner in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, sponsored by KISD Radio.

In Philadelphia, before she appeared on the **Hy Lit Show** on WKBS-TV, Marsha was shown pictures of local contest entrants.

GEEGEE'S GOSSIP

WHAT'S NEW WITH YOUR FAVORITES FROM COAST-TO-COAST!

DINO, having finished his movie *A Boy A Girl,* dyed his hair back to its normal color — what he calls "dirty blond" . . . PAUL McCARTNEY — who shaved off his moustache — and JANE ASHER have *not* broken up; another one of those rubbish rumors . . . MIKE NESMITH recovered nicely from his tonsillectomy — singing right back on key again . . . An outasite restaurant, THE TIN ANGEL, at 145 Bleeker St. in Greenwich Village, is the place where the hippies all fall by to scarf (that is to *dine,* me luvs). Regulars include PETER TORK, MAMA CASS, BYRDS, BILL OCHS, the WHO, PETER ASHER, BETSY DOSTER, HERMAN and the ASSOCIATION . . . Lovable HOSS, former road manager of the RAIDERS, has moved to New York and is now working for the BLUES MAGOOS . . . Look for DESI, JR., when he does a guest spot on one of the first episodes of NBC's new TV series *Mothers-In-Law,* Sunday nights, 8:30 EDT this fall . . . The LEWIS & CLARKE EXPEDITION are five groovy guys who include TRAVIS LEWIS (blond) and BOOMER CLARKE (brunet). All five of the L&C will be featured on *Monkee* segments next season. More on them later . . . Look out for LULU, the 18-year-old British singer whose hit, *The Boat I Row,* has been released on Epic here. She also appeared with the MONKEES when they did their live concerts in London, Eng.

GeeGee recommended LPs this month include the Bee Gees — sorry, no title at press time — on Atco (say "hi" to their new member, Vince Melouney, far right); the Seeds' Future *on Crescendo; 4 Seasons'* New Gold Hits *on Mercury; Tommy James & the Shondell's* I Think We're Alone Now *on Roulette.*

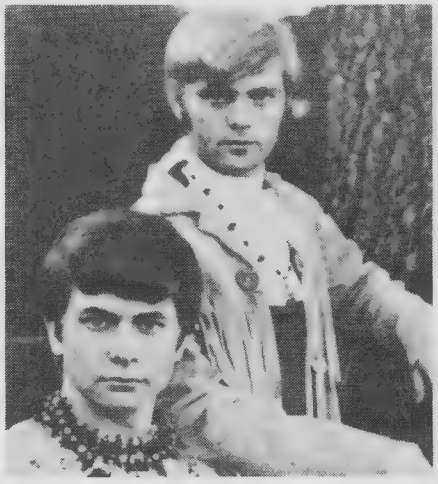
Beatle News: JOHN had his $31.000 Rolls Royce made even more beautiful by having it painted in bright colors complete with bouquets, curlicues and the signs of the zodiac on the roof. Welcome to flower land, JOHN . . . PAUL is getting facials from a "beautician" named Madame Narcisa Dadam — not that he needs them; they just feel good . . . All four BEATLES will appear on BBC's greatest TV show, Our World, **which will be shown via Telestar all over the planet Earth to 700,000,000 viewers. They will have a five-minute spot and are writing a song especially for that show.**

MOBY GRAPE have done something nobody ain't never done before—released five single records at once! I've heard them all and they're great, so we can now quietly go crazy trying to find out which is our "grape" . . . KEITH and KEVIN SCHULTZ *may* have their own TV show this fall—sure hope so. Meanwhile, you can write to them in care of Don Jaye, Box 1214, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Paul & Jane

Desi & Desi

John's zippy Rolls



Lewis & Clarke Expedition

Bee Gees

Keith & Kevin Schultz — & friend

Lulu

Hoss

DON'T RUN... FLY...

TO YOUR NEAREST NEWSSTAND AND GET

THE BRAND-NEW SPECTACULAR

ON SALE NOW!

MONKEES & ME/CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

On the highway going home, you find a groovy drive-in where two Monkees and their date—namely you—can enjoy a snack without being bothered by on-lookers. When you have finished your hamburgers and shakes, Davy yells to Peter, "You one-eyed cat, let's go and boogaloogs!"—which (translated from Monkee-ese) means, "Let's go home, stupid."

The drive back from the beach is particularly lovely because Peter takes Malibu Canyon Drive, which is a road winding through the mountains. Peter likes this drive because his car "corners" so well, and he takes those curves really fast (pretty exciting for *you*—being swung from one Monkee to the other). When Peter drops Davy off at his new house, Davy leans in and gives you a peck on the cheek, saying, "See you later, luv." You're really thrilled, because you know he really *means* it.

UP AT PETER'S PAD

Peter's pad is a beautiful house situated slam-bang in the middle of Hollywood Hills. But before you stop at his place he drives on up the winding road beyond his house—up and up, until you turn a corner and there you see the most gigantic sign in the whole wide world! It's parked letter-for-letter on the side of a small mountain and the nine letters spell out HOLLYWOOD. It's the famous "Hollywood" sign that looked so tiny when you saw it earlier from 'way, 'way down on the Sunset Strip. The top of the hill where the sign is perched is now a United States Government radio tower, but the roadway is open during the day and it is the well-known haven of many Hollywood hippies, who love to stand up there and watch the most beautiful sunset in the world.

You and Peter again hold hands as he helps you to climb to the very top of the hill, and you stand there in silence for a while as you gaze out over Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica and Los Angeles. Peter breaks the silence, pointing out the areas of interest to you, and just as the first evening star comes out he puts his arm around your shoulders and escorts you back to the car.

Peters house, you discover, really is two houses in one. He escorts you to the downstairs part, which has its private bath and lounge, and leaves you alone long enough for you to knock the sand out of your shoes, comb your hair and freshen up a bit. The early part of the evening of your "double Monkee date" is spent with Peter at his favorite club, The Troubadour. He used to play there and used to be a regular on amateur night. Peter, by the way, is wearing a white sweater with super-tight brown slacks and a pair of sand-colored boots. Peter and you are very happy at The Troubadour, digging his favorite kind of music—folk music. He introduces you to some of his closest Los Angeles friends and even a couple of buddies from Greenwich Village, New York (like Joey Richards), who now hang out in Los Angeles. Tim Buckley and Phil Ochs are playing tonight, and you can't help but respect the quiet appreciation Peter shows these extraordinarily fine folk artists. When the sets are over, Peter turns to you and says quite simply, "Folk music is and always will be my kind of music as long as I can lift a pick to play a banjo or guitar."

Your next stop is one of Peter's favorite places for a snack—a lovely little restaurant on Santa Monica Boulevard called Barney's Beanery. Barney's has a quiet atmosphere and good food. Peter and you share a huge tossed green salad with French dressing (his favorite), followed by sliced steak for two, baked potatoes and two glasses of milk. While you and Peter are chit-chatting over your dinner, the only English Monkee is in another part of Hollywood showering, shaving and getting dressed to come and pick you up on his motorbike.

Suddenly the door of Barney's swings open and in walks Davy Jones. He is wearing gray "gambler's" slacks and a beige shirt with beige boots to match. As he walks towards you a lady diner drops her spoon and stares at him. Davy bows to her, says, "Good evening, madam. How are you this fine night?"—and walks straight to your table.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

Davy looks skeptical as Micky tells about "the one that got away."

FLYING
MONKEES

MONKEES & ME/CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

You are only half-way through dinner, but Davy insists that you are *finished*—because he wants to take you to *his* favorite restaurant. "Save some appetite for me, hon," he says, winking.

"Foiled again!" Peter shouts, and attacks your steak with his knife and fork—and a big grin. In the parking lot outside you say goodnight to Peter, who unemmbarrassedly give you a kiss while Davy mutters, "H-e-e-y, stop that now."

"Not a chance!" Tork says, smiling. He holds you by the shoulders, looks into your eyes and says, "I hope I see you real soon."

FLYING WITH DAVY!

First, you are stunned by the fact that Davy has a motorbike. He shows you how easy it is to ride on one. (I trust you're wearing slacks—cos the Monkees really dig them, you know.) You simply sit on the back half of the driver's seat and Davy sits on the front half. There are two spikes on each side of the bike for you to put your feet on, and in no time at all Davy winds up and you are on the way! In one split second you discover there is only one way to stay on the bike—and that is by throwing your arms around Davy's waist and holding on with all your might. (I know it's hard for you to do, but *try*, will you! ! !)

Davy's favorite restaurant is Steffanino's. You both skip the appetizer and he orders lobster tails with butter sauce, and with side dishes of corn and scalloped potatoes. You *thought* you were full, but you suddenly realize that you aren't—and you have a ball sharing your *second* dinner with Davy Jones! After a hot cup of tea, with milk of course, it's back on the bike and down to The Strip to a club called The Ad Lib, where one of Davy's all-time favorites, Little Richard, is performing. Little Richard, a rock and roll singer of great renown, is so fabulous that you and Davy are held spellbound by his act. In fact, you are *so* spellbound that you don't notice until the end of the show, when the lights come up, that someone has joined your table. He looks *so* familiar. Could it be?

"I want you to meet Dave Clark," Davy says—and there stands Dave Clark extending his hand to you! It's really just too unbelieveable, but it happens to be *true*.

You and your two Daves decide that it's time to move on, and your next stop is The Whisky A Go Go (this club *doesn't* sell whisky, in spite of its name!). At the Go Go, you groove while watching the Doors and the great Buffalo Springfield.

When the music is over, Henry "Tad" Diltz, a photographer friend of the Monkees, shows some of his 'way out "psychdelic" color slides. Afterwards, he joins the table for a while and that is when you learn that the blue and white American Indian beaded necklace was a gift from "Tad". Also, by this time, Neko, Davy's painter friend, and myself (remember *me*—David Pearl—Davy's friend?) have joined your table. You are really like a fairy princess now, with a court that includes a Monkee and all his friends—plus one Dave Clark.

But all good fairy stories have to come to an end and soon you feel Davy's hand gently pressing yours underneath the table, and he softly says, "It's time to go, luv."

You say goodnight to one and all, each of us telling you that we truly hope to see you again one day, and you walk outside with Davy. Before you hop back on his bike to spin off homeward through the night, Davy points up to the stars and says, "See that big one right over there? I am picking it out just for you. From now on, every time you look at it, please think of me. Now—close your eyes and make a wish."

When you close your eyes, Davy gives you a little goodnight kiss, and as you ride away with him you blink back your tears. Are they tears of joy or sadness? You don't know. All you know is that you have just spent the greatest day of your life.

But that ain't all! **Next month I will send you out on** two **magic Monkee evenings — one with magnificent Micky Dolenz and one with the quiet and easygoing Nesmiths. It's all in the October issue of** 16, **which goes on sale August 22. See ya' then. Don't miss the fun!**

Aw, come on, Davy — just a **little** smile!

SCOOP ADVANCE PREVIEW PIX OF NEXT SEASON'S OPENING EPISODE OF THE MONKEES!

"*The* BAD *THINGS I DO*"

Mark takes his courage in hand and confides his frailties and faults to 16*'s legion of understanding readers.*

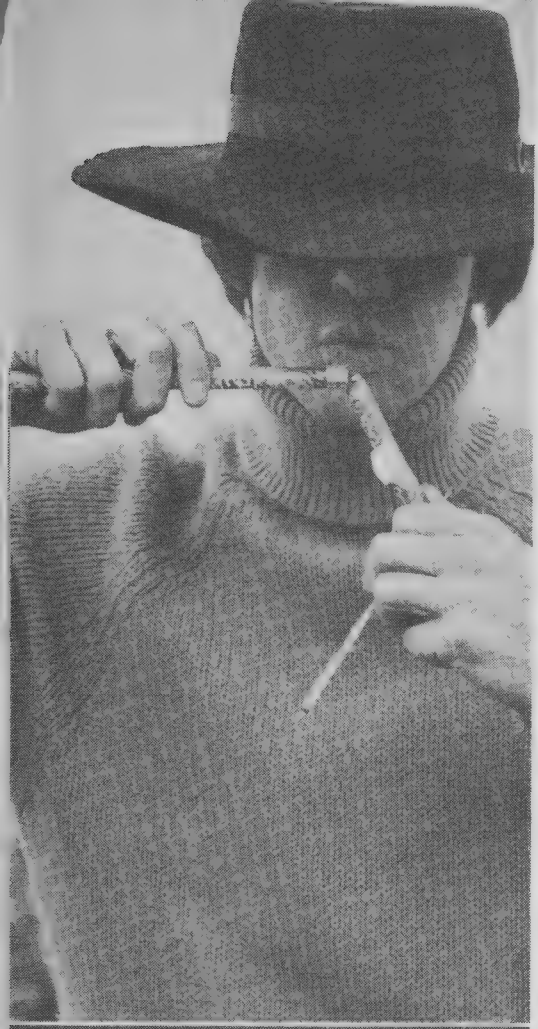
by MARK LINDSAY

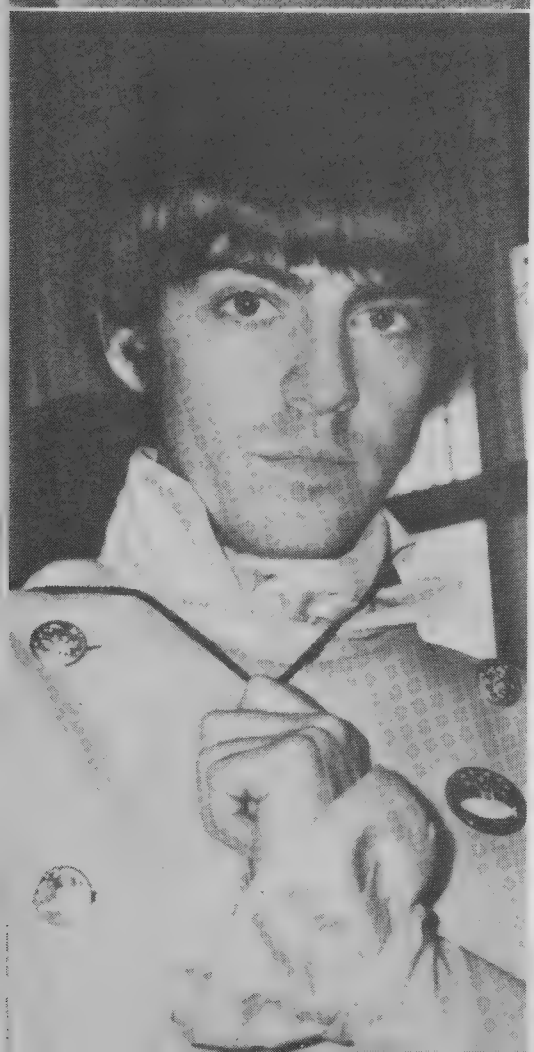
WE ALL are aware of the good *things we do and we hope that the* world *knows about them too. But what about the* bad *things? I mean, from the petty little things to the funny things to the really serious things that each of us does at one time or another in our lives. Well, I can tell you right here and right now it isn't* easy *to own up to your personal faults — especially in front of* 16*'s super-tuned in audience of over three million regulars! Somehow I found the courage to put myself under a giant microscope and look at myself as objectively as a biologist would look at a butterfly. Sure, the wings look pretty and all, but what about the creature itself — and what* bad *things does it do?*

For what's it's worth, here's my list. It's full of what can only be called "normal human frailties", and I'll bet — if you look real hard and are really *honest — you'll find a little bit of* yourself *here too. (Hope so. I'd hate to be the only "baddie" around!)*

I'm a procrastinator. That's a great big word for what seems *to be a tiny little fault — I like to put off till tomorrow what I* should *do today, especially if it's something that requires a little extra time, effort, patience or work on my part. Naturally, that doesn't include things like singing, swinging and having fun in general. Also, I make promises and then I break them. That's probably my* worst *bad habit, and though I know that I have seriously hurt and disappointed people close to me because of it, somehow I can't seem to drop it, which logically brings me to conclude that —*

I can't grow up. It's as though, no matter what I do in life, there's still a "little boy" inside me who won't let me free. That "little boy" doesn't like to take responsibility or make decisions; he's a daydreamer and a cloud-watcher; he's sentimental, but shy and unsure in many ways; he loves to be praised and hates to be fussed at (and when he is *fussed at, he has a tendency to run away, bury his head in a pillow somewhere, and get lost in a dream world); he loves more than* anything *performing before huge, enthusiastic audiences, and that is when he is most fulfilled and happiest. The "little boy" in me just plain doesn't want to face the hard, cold facts of reality, and when they press down on him too hard he turns his back, runs away, and is very likely to do something silly and mischievous like —*



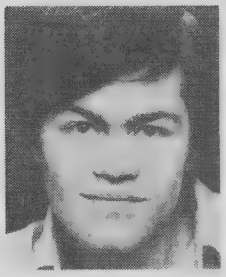


MARK LINDSAY, continued

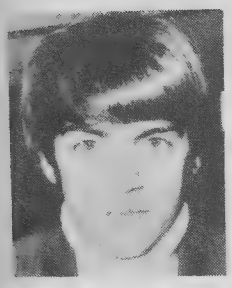
I love to shoot off fireworks! I love to play with fire and light the fuse that sends something skyrocketing through the heavens, followed by streams of beautiful color — and finally exploding with a loud pop when it reaches its zenith. I'm also gone on those regular firecrackers that go pow; *smokepots, sparklers, Roman candles — in fact,* anything *that send off sparks and explodes. Since there are not many states where firecrackers are legal, I carry my "hoard" along with me on tours. And when we finally hit a state where they* are *legal, Madman Marcus takes off like a rocket, finds himself a field and starts lighting the fuses! It may be bad, but it sure is fun. But some of the bad things I do* aren't *fun like —*

I deny myself certain pleasures, or should I say — life's treasures. *Yes, I do all the above bad things (I'm ignoring the fact that I'm a nut for speed), but they're superficial compared to the loneliness I seem to inflict upon myself. Working in all of the areas of show business that I do is very difficult, but it's a joy and not really like work at all — and though my life is filled by much of that joy, there is an area of great emptiness in it. I somehow feel cut off from life's treasures. It must be my own fault, for all I have to do is reach out and take them. I don't know whether it's because I am not* ready *or because I am just plain* afraid. *Whatever the reason, it makes me sad to know that I have not yet been able to share in a* true *and deep friendship with another person or to know the unending happiness of sharing* true *and deep love with a girl. But I* know *these treasures are out there somewhere waiting for me. I hope that one day I can let go whatever is holding me back inside, and reach out and grasp the* real *riches of life.*

DAVY JONES BEGS:
"SAY 'I LOVE YOU' BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!"



MICKY DOLENZ REVEALS
THE TRUE SECRET OF FALLING IN LOVE!



MARK LINDSAY SHARES
HIS "PRIVATE THOUGHTS OF LOVE" WITH YOU!

HERMAN SHOWS
YOU HOW TO SAY "YES" TO LOVE!

DINO MARTIN, JR. TELLS
WHAT TRUE LOVE IS AND HOW TO SHARE IT!

PETER TORK CONFIDES
HIS "LOVE SECRETS" TO YOU!

16's ALL STAR LOVE STORY BOOK

YOU GET ALL OF THIS STRAIGHT-FROM-THE-HEART ADVICE FROM THE STARS — AND MUCH, MUCH MORE — IN 16'S FABULOUS ALL STAR LOVE STORY BOOK

JUST LOOK at the list of stars who speak to you of love in this ultra-fantabulous *All Star Love Story Book*: **DAVY JONES, MARK LINDSAY, MICKY DOLENZ, HERMAN, PHIL (FANG) VOLK, PETER TORK, DINO MARTIN, JR., JIM (HARPO) VALLEY, PAUL McCARTNEY, SONNY & CHER!**

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Yes, you get *all* of these love secrets of your top-fave stars PLUS an exclusive signed pin-up of each star! Each pin-up is full-page and super-beautiful for framing!

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SEPTEMBER 1967

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EXCLUSIVE COLOR PIN-UP
16
EXCLUSIVE COLOR PIN-UP

DINO BRINGS YOU UP-TO-DATE ON THE THINGS HE DIGS AND THE THINGS THAT TURN HIM OFF.

IT HAS BEEN over two years since Desi, Billy and I told you the things we hate and the things we love, and our tastes have changed considerably since then — so we asked 16 if we could have another go at it. Of course the answer was yes — and this month we are starting with me. Next month, you'll read Desi and Billy's hates and loves. Stay tuned-in.

I HATE the color black. It is funereal and depressing (that doesn't include girls with black hair, of course).

I HATE baggy pants on girls or boys. They make fat girls look fatter and skinny girls look lost! *Even if you have to sew them yourself, make sure that your slacks fit properly.*

I HATE girls who are sloppy dressers. Nothing turns me off more than to see a girl whose hem is uneven, slip is showing, buttons are missing or clothes are improperly pressed.

I HATE to see anyone with ratty, unclean hair. In fact, I hate anything unclean. *In fact,* just call me "Sanitary Martin".

I HATE for my guitar strings to break onstage, cos I have to stop and change them right then and there! Whatta drag.

I HATE colds. I have never had one, but several of my friends have and, man, they are really a bleech!

I HATE wise chicks who talk a lot and think they know everything.

I HATE stop signals anywhere *along the road of life.*

I HATE conformity, and that goes for those "non-conformist" cats who all look alike — mainly dirty and unshaven.

I HATE to get up in the morning and I HATE to go to bed at night.

I LOVE sideburns and I am going to grow some, but not *super-longies.*

I LOVE baby polar bears. They are the greatest things I have ever seen. I saw them recently on a television show about nature. They're so little, white and fuzzy and cute that they are irresistible. I think I will get me one. Will you help me name it if I do?

I LOVE to have dinner at the restaurant La Scala on Sunset Strip. It is very luxurious — with huge black leather chairs and candles burning on the tables — and the food is excellent.

I LOVE my silver-grey Ferrari and I am flipped that I can finally drive it! That means I got my license. Wanta go for a ride with me?

I LOVE recording with Koppelman and Rubin. You can't imagine what a thrill it was when Two in The Afternoon **got on the charts. Desi, Billy and I really worked hard, but Koppelman and Rubin helped do the magic trick for us, and we are very grateful.**

I LOVE girls who are very clean and very natural. I don't care whether a girl has long hair or short hair or what color her hair or eyes are. All I look for is a sparkling, clean radiance. You don't have to be beautiful to have that. It comes from taking care of yourself. Period.

I LOVE getting letters from you — and so do Desi and Billy. So please write to us at Reprise Records, 4000 Warner Boulevard, Burbank, California. We will try to answer as many letters as possible. Don't forget to put, "I Am A 16 *Reader," on the outside of your envelope.*

LOOK MA, I'M LAUGHING!

16 will pay $1 for every joke published in "Look Ma, I'm Laughing!" And for the joke selected as "Joke of the Month," we'll pay $5.

We'll also pay $2 for each drawing we publish here (please submit them, if possible, in black ink on white paper or board).

IMPORTANT: No drawings will be returned to the senders unless they are accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes with cardboard enclosed — the envelopes large enough to accommodate the drawings.

So come on — make us laugh! Send your jokes to: "Look Ma, I'm Laughing!" 16 Magazine, Box 104, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202. AND BE SURE TO WRITE YOUR FULL NAME AND FULL ADDRESS ON EACH PAGE OF MATERIAL YOU MAIL!

P.S. Many of the jokes we receive are the same; for this reason, the sender whose entry bears the earliest postmark will be credited with the joke and awarded the cash.

Peter: "Hey, Davy, I think I'm suffering from amnesia. I can't remember a thing!"
Davy: "Wow, how long have you had it?"
Peter: "Had what?"
LINDA PRINCELL, Whitestown, Ind.

•

Willy: "Did you know that for ten long years my girl friend and I were deliriously happy?"
Billy: "Then what happened?"
Willy: "We met!"

•

Mark: "What is black, dangerous and lives in a tree?"
Paul: "Gee, I don't know. What is it?"
Mark: "A crow with a machine gun!"
BRENDA PRESSLEY, Louisville, Kent.

•

Teacher: "Where is the English Channel?"
Bulb Boob: "I don't know. We only get American channels on our TV set!"
LAURENCE CANNON, Stockton, Md.

•

Micky: "What is the noblest of all animals?"
Mike: "A lion?"
Micky: "Nope. It's a hot dog! It feeds the hand that bites it!"
JANET MARIE SELVAGGIO, East Patchogue, L.I.

Billy: "Did they take an x-ray of your sister's jaw at the hospital?"
Desi: "They tried to — but all they got was a motion picture!"
JO-ANNE GROSSWEILER, Branchville, N.J.

•

Boss: "I'll pay you 50 dollars a week now, and 75 dollars in three months."
Boy: "Thanks. I'll be back in three months!"
SHERRY HENSHAW, Woodford, Va.

•

Fang: "Did she say I had a thick head of hair?"
Smitty: "I didn't hear her mention *hair!*"
DENISE LITTLE, Hampton, Va.

•

Conceited Kid: "Surely, you have an opening for someone like me?"
Employer: "Yes, I do! And please close it gently as you leave!"
PAMELA JEANNE ROWLAND, College Park, Ga.

•

Beginner: "This is a hold-up. Give me all your money or else!"
Hippie: "Or else — what?"
Beginner: "Please don't confuse me. This is my first job."
DENISE FOLSE, Marrero, La.

JOKE OF THE MONTH

$5 PRIZE WINNER!

BRENDA PRESSLEY, Louisville, Ky.

Fang: "Did you hear about the man with the gleam in his eye?"
Smitty: "No, I didn't!"
Fang: "Somebody bumped him while he was brushing his teeth!"

Spock (Leonard Nimoy) was sketched by Gerald Emerson of Shrewsbury, Mass.

5 ERRORS CONTEST

RIGHT

WOW! Take a look at this wild assortment! They are the Mothers Of Invention and they have a brand-new album on Verve called *Absolutely Free*. Hope you like it. But, hey — what happened here? !

The top drawing is fine, but the bottom drawing contains five errors. Can you spot them? If you can, just draw a circle around each error with a pen or pencil, fill in the coupon below, tear the page along the dotted line and mail the coupon to: Five Errors Contest, *16* Magazine, Box 104, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

To each of the first five readers who can correctly identify all five errors, *16* will award $10 in cash. All coupons will be dropped inside a revolving barrel and Gloria Stavers, *blindfolded,* will pick the winners — so everybody has a chance!

Go to work right away — and good luck!

WRONG

5 ERRORS CONTEST SEPT. 1967

NAME..... MY AGE IS.....

STREET.....

CITY..... ZIP CODE.....

STATE..... ARE YOU A SUBSCRIBER? .....

MAIL TO "5 ERRORS CONTEST" • 16 MAGAZINE • BOX 104 BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11202

16's ALL-STAR BIRTHDAY & GIFT GUIDE

When you send your cards and gifts BE SURE to write "I am a **16** reader" on the outside of your envelope or wrapping! When you send gifts to England, be sure to put a Customs Declaration sticker (you get the stickers free at the post office) on each package and mark it "Unsolicited gift — value less than $10."

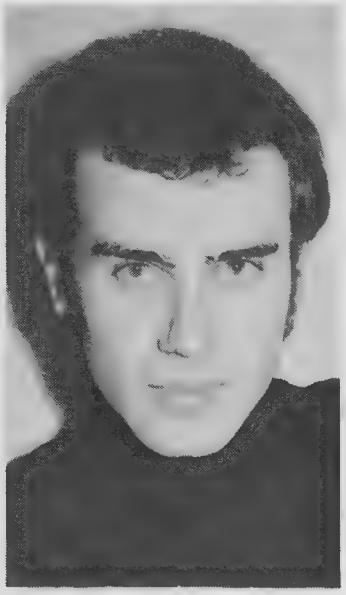
GARY LEWIS: *Birthday* — July 31; *hat* — 7½; *shirt* — 14½-inch neck/31-inch sleeve (or Small); *sweater* — 38 (or Medium); *shoes* — 9B; *socks* — he wears stretch socks; *ring* — 9; *favorite color* — black and brown; *favorite gift* — anything for his new home; *address* — 8816 Burton Way, Beverly Hills, Calif.

KARL GREEN (HERMAN'S HERMITS): *Birthday* — July 31; *hat* — 7¾; *shirt* — 15½-inch neck/33-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater* — 40 (or Medium); *shoe* — 9½B; *socks* 11; *ring* — 10; *favorite colors* — olive and pink; *favorite gifts* — LP and single records of all kinds, and he collects cufflinks; *address* — c/o Herman's Hermits, 200 W. 57th Street, N.Y. C., N.Y.

RICK HUXLEY (DAVE CLARK 5): *Birthday*—Aug. 5; *hat* — 7½; *shirt* — 15½-inch neck/32-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater* — 38 (or Medium); *shoe* — 9B; *socks* — *ring* — 9; *favorite colors* — and green; *favorite gifts* — cards and souvenirs from America; *address* — Regent House, 235 Regent St., London W England.

DENIS PAYTON (DAVE CLARK 5): *Birthday*—August 11; *hat* — 7½; *shirt* — 15½-inch neck/31-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater* — 38 (or Medium); *shoe* — 9; *socks* — 10½; *ring* — 9; *favorite colors* — black and blue; *favorite gifts* — unusual clothes of all kinds; *address* — Regent House, 235 Regent St., London W.1, Eng.

DAVE CROSBY (BYRDS): *Birthday* — August 14; *hat* — 7½; *shirt* — 15½-inch neck/31-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater* — 38 (or Medium); *shoe* — 9; *socks* — 10½; *ring* — 9; — *favorite colors* — all the colors in the rainbow; *favorite gifts* — crystals, light refracting discs and peacock feathers, *address* — 9000 Sunset Blvd., Suite 805, Hollywood, Calif.



DRAKE LEVIN (THE BROTHERHOOD): *Birthday* — August 17; *hat* — 7½; *shirt* — 15½-inch neck/33-inch sleeve; *sweater* — 40 (Medium or Large); *shoe* — 10½D; *socks* — 12; *ring* — 11; *favorite colors* — brown and leather colors; *favorite gifts* — things you make yourself, poems, souvenirs from your home town; *address* — c/o Irene Volk, 12214 Miranda St., North Hollywood, Calif.

KEITH ALLISON: *Birthday* — August 26; *hat* — 7½; *shirt* — 15½-inch neck/31-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater* — 40 (or Large); *shoes* — 10½AA; *socks* — 12; *ring* — 8½; *favorite colors* — olive and burgundy; *favorite gifts* — groovy T-shirts and inexpensive cufflinks; *address* — c/o Dick Clark Productions, 9125 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Tune in next month for more of your favorite stars' birthdays, addresses and gift guides.

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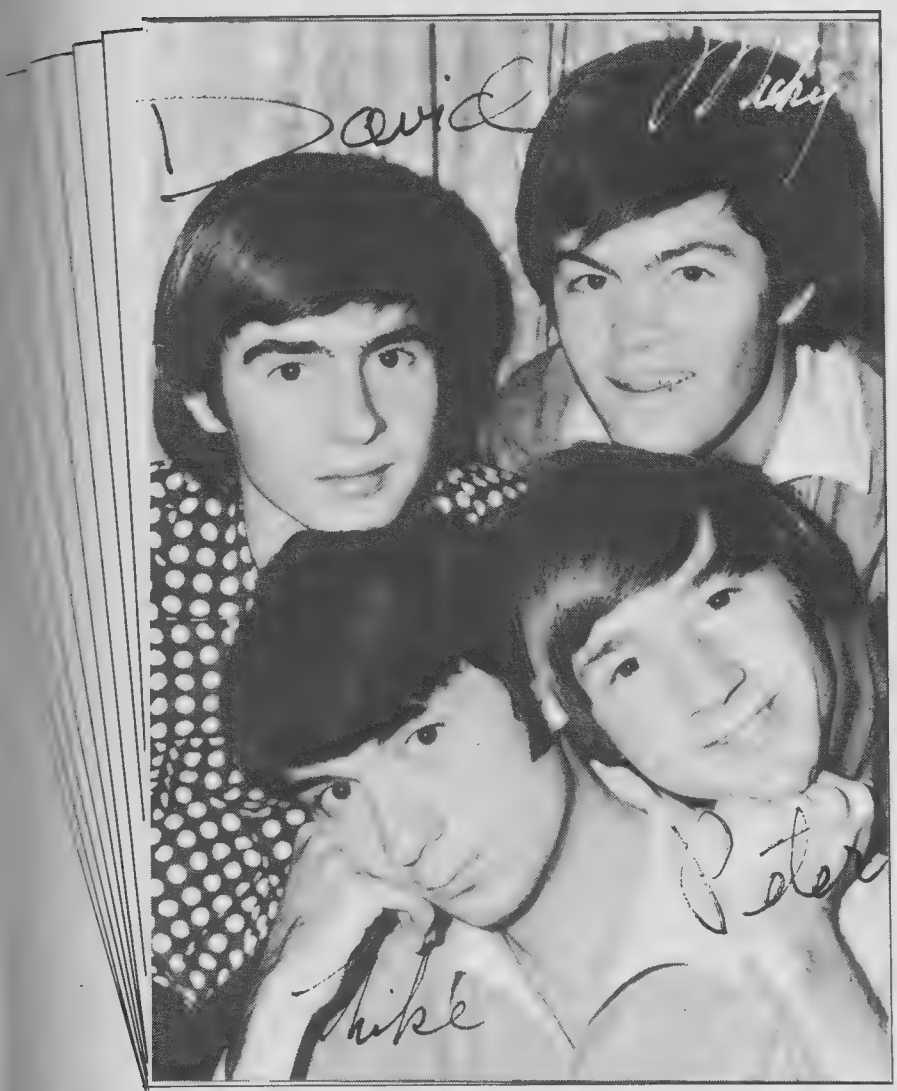
Big! BIGGER! BIGGEST!

MAMMOTH MONKEE PIN-UPS!

GROUP SHOTS plus PORTRAITS OF ALL YOUR TOP TEEN FAVES



DAVY JONES
MICKY DOLENZ
PETER TORK
MONKEE GROUP PHOTO
PLUS ALL OF THESE
OTHER TOP STARS:
MARK LINDSAY
NEW RAIDERS
HERMAN
DINO
DESI
BILLY
PAUL McCARTNEY
JOHN LENNON
GEORGE HARRISON
RINGO STARR
DAVE CLARK 5

YES — THIS SET OF 16'S SUPER-GIANT PIN-UPS FEATURES ALL-EXCLUSIVE, GORGEOUS, KISSABLE, PORTRAITS OF EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOUR ALL-TIME TEEN FAVES. DON'T YOU GET LEFT OUT IN THE COLD — RIGHT NOW FILL OUT THE ORDER COUPON ON THIS PAGE, CLIP A ONE DOLLAR BILL TO IT AND MAIL IT TO THE ADDRESS ON THE BOTTOM OF THE COUPON. BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO GET THESE SWINGING, SUPER-SMASHING, ONE-OF-A-KIND PIN-UPS!

SUPER GIANT PIN-UPS *SEPT. 1967*

Please send me *16*'s Super-Giant Pin-Ups. I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

PLEASE PRINT

NAME.....AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZIP CODE.....

STATE.....

Mail coupon to:

16'S ALL-NEW SUPER-GIANT PIN-UPS

16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

FREDDY WELLER ans

A NEW RAIDER

Freddy with his Raider pals, Paul and Mark.

What is your full real name?

Wilton Frederick Weller. Wilton was my mother's father's name. Frederick was my father's name.

When and where were you born?

I was born on September 9, 1947, in Atlanta, Georgia, at the Georgia Baptist Hospital.

What is your height, weight and coloring?

I am five feet and ten inches tall and I weigh 140 pounds. I have brown hair and brown eyes. I secretly wish that I had blue eyes, but there's no way I can ever get them because I don't wear contact lenses like Mark does – so I can't change the color of my eyes!

Family information.

My mother (whom I call "Mama"), Mary McLendon Weller, lives in a small modern house in Atlanta; my father, George Frederick Weller, passed away in May of 1963. My mother works for an insurance company as a secretary and she really digs it. She is keeping our Siamese cat "Simba".

Where do you live now?

I live in a small bachelor apartment – *alone*. Though I am friendly with all the guys, I am not the "roommate" type. I believe every man should have a part of his life which is kept *private*.

Do you have a car?

I'm deciding between a Buick Riveria and an Eldorado. I don't want a convertible. I'm a good driver. I have outgrown the urge to be a speed demon.

Do you have any pets in Hollywood?

I am getting two Siamese cats and *16* is going to run a contest so that you can name them for me. I am going to send a silver charm bracelet with a special medallion from me to each of you *16*-ers who pick real groovy names for my cats.

What was your first ambition?

When I was four years old, I fell in love with uniforms and decided that it would be exciting to be a policeman. But when I was ten, I fell in love with music. We had a guitar and a mandolin in the house. I couldn't play them then, but I somehow knew they were me.

What kind of music do you like most?

I like a new music that is just beginning (and I hope to be one of the ones who help it become very popular). It's a mixture of rhythm and blues, country and western, and blue-grass music.

What do you do in your spare time?

My spare time has been "very spare" lately. When I do manage to get alone, I like to play my guitar and work on songs.

What are your hobbies?

I used to be wild for roaring motorcycles, but I have outgrown that too. Now, it is all music.

wers 40 intimate questions

confides his fondest hopes, secret thoughts and private dreams!

What sports do you like?

I was never interested in any sports at all until I visited Mark's new home in the Hollywood Hills recently. He has a tennis court there and we played several times. We're both terrible tennis players, but we love the game!

Can you cook?

I will go to any extremes to avoid cooking. However, if faced with a choice between that and starvation, my one and only specialty is bacon and eggs — and I usually burn *them*.

Have you ever been seriously ill?

No — knock on wood — I have not.

Would you like to get married?

Yes, but not in the near future. I will start thinking about it in two years.

What kind of girl would you like to marry?

Someone who is a "homebody" who has a good personality and is easy to get along with — and who is cute but not beautiful.

How many children would you like to have?

Two — one boy and one girl.

What is most important when you meet a girl — her looks or her personality?

I notice looks first. I like girls who are neat and who look healthy. I don't care whether their hair is long or short or what color it is as long as it is clean. However, looks don't mean a thing if a girl sits there like a clod. That's when personality counts, and I love girls with enthusiasm and warmth. In the end, it is the personality that gets me — not the looks.

What three tips would you give a girl who wanted you to like **her?**

Don't smoke. Be ladylike in your make-up, clothing and conversation. Don't be a nervous talker. I don't mind it if you are quiet. Sometimes you can say more with silence then you can with words.

What type of girls do you usually dislike?

I dislike girls who hang around and I can't stand girls who are pushy and rude. I don't like screamers anywhere, except at our concerts.

What was the biggest thrill of your life?

Actually, there were *two* outstanding thrilling events in my life and they happened simultaneously: I became a Raider and then I made my first appearance with the group on the world's most popular TV show — *The Ed Sullivan Show*. Can you imagine how overwhelmed I was!?

What was the biggest disappointment of your life?

I have been very lucky and have not had to face a big disappointment so far.

Who are your closest friends?

My one closest friend is Billy Joe Royal. We have known each other for over ten years and he is one of the finest people I have ever had the pleasure to know.

If you could take a vacation, where in the entire world would you go?

Mexico — I visited a small Mexican border town called Remosa and it was so much like entering into another world. Mexico to me is very strange and attractive, and I would like to see the whole country.

Are you a day or night person?

I am definitely a night person. I like to get up as the sun goes down and go to bed as the sun comes up.

How do you relax?

To really relax, I must be completely alone. I guess it is a side of me that could be called my "secret side". There are some thoughts I just can't share, though deep-down inside I long to find someone to share them with. Anyway, when I am completely alone, I relax by listening to music and thinking those thoughts.

What do you plan to do with your money?

I would like to own a recording studio one day — and produce records for myself and other artists. I would also like to buy a big beautiful, luxurious house in Beverly Hills — swimming pool and all. And I would like to buy a country home in the suburbs of Atlanta.

What do you like **best about your work?**

I like the recording sessions. I am fascinated by everything that goes on in a recording studio. I also like travelling on the road. I love to meet new people and I have also found out that each and every person has an interesting story to tell. It makes me very happy when I have time to stop and hear that story.

What do you dislike **about your work?**

The hours. A lot of the time they are pretty strenuous and we don't get enough sleep. Also, you meet a lot of phony people in show business, which I don't like. But they're counterbalanced by the number of good people you meet. The phonies can't fool me for very long.

What kind of clothes do you like to see girls wear?

Sort of mod things, but not too extreme. I like mini skirts with high boots, but I can't stand mesh stockings. I don't like to see girls in slacks unless they really fit well.

When you give presents to a girl, what do you usually pick?

Jewelry. It would be a silver bracelet. If I gave anything with stones in it, the stones would be diamonds. I am very sentimental about jewelry.

What kind of perfume do you like on a girl?

I don't know much about perfume, but I smelled Chanel No. 5 once and it made by toes curl up — wow!

Do you have any phobias?

Yes. I'm terrified of water in large amounts — like the ocean. I guess it's because I can't swim. Would anyone like to teach me?

What are your favorite TV shows?

Star Trek *and* Candid Camera. *Otherwise, I hardly ever look at TV. Mostly, it is a waste of time.*

Are you moody or temperamental?

I am moody, but I try my best to hide it. Sometimes I can't, though, and if I am sad anyone can look into my eyes and tell. I'm temperamental with dishonest people; if I find that someone has lied to me or tried to trick me, it really infuriates me.

Do you have a nickname? How did you get it?

Just Freddy — I can't remember when I was not called that.

If you were stranded on a desert island, what three things would you wish for?

A beautiful girl, plenty of drinking water and a guarantee that I can stay there a long, long time.

What do you daydream about?

I have never told this to anyone before. My biggest daydream is a vision of me as the world's greatest actor. I would like to be idolized by millions, like Frank Sinatra and Marlon Brando.

Do you read your fan mail?

I read as much as I possibly can. Lately — thanks to you — there has been plenty of it. I deeply appreciate every letter that I get. It means a lot to me that you would take time out of your life to sit down and write to me. I am going to try to answer every letter I can. Please be patient and understanding.

Where is the best place for fans to write to you?

Our office address is: 9126 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. We check in there at least two times a week for our mail.

EXCLUSIVE COLOR PIN-UP
16
EXCLUSIVE COLOR PIN-UP

Always.
Fredda Weller

BY JOHN LONDON

PART 3

MIKE NESMITH'S LONG-TIME TEXAS BUDDY

began the trend towards these kind of clubs, which have now popped up *all over America!*

One night we were playing away and someone remarked that we were really creating a blaze. Another auspicious omen—for three minutes after we closed "Ledbetters" that night a fire started (no one knows the cause) and the joint burned to the ground within an hour.

WORLD'S FIRST YOUTHQUAKE

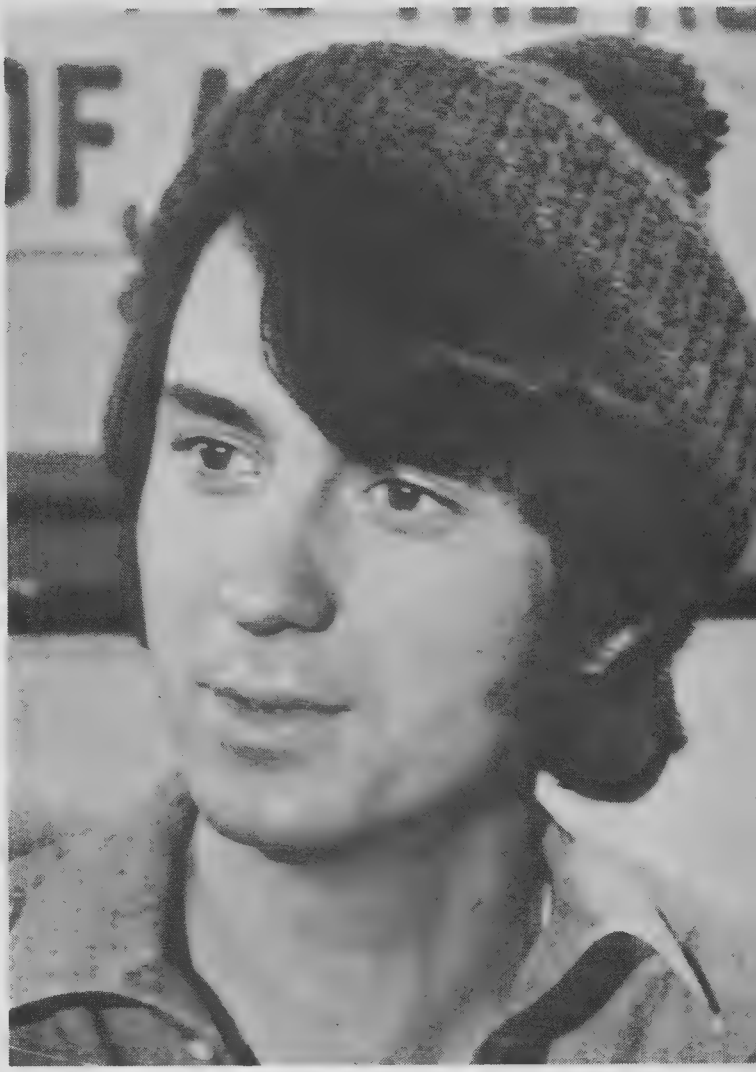
We remained with The Survivors, but Mike and I went home for one final swinging engagement. We, along with Jim Messenger and Bill Chadwick, played the background music for the first rock 'n roll youthquake mod fashion show. It was held in San Antonio, Texas, and—talk about starting trends—well, (as they say) the rest is history.

Mike and I returned to Los Angeles and continued to play with The Survivors. We all chipped in and worked for nothing to help Mr. Sparks rebuild his nightclub. We finally got it back together and, though everyone involved was broke, we were ready to put "Ledbetters" back on the map again.

MONKEE MADNESS BEGINS

One day, Barry Friedman, who worked for Randy at the time, wandered in and threw a copy of *Variety,* the show business newspaper, at Mike. "Why don't you get yourself a steady job?" he said jokingly, as Mike perused a strange ad which called for "four zany, young, and insane musicians" for a television plot. Mike cut out the ad and wandered down to the Screen Gems office for the auditions —mostly out of "Texas curiosity" to see what Hollywood films were all about. During his interview, Mike's distinctive mannerisms, quickness of tongue and promptness of reply immediately secured him the title of *Monkee*—thought it was several weeks before Bert Schneider and Bob Rafelson told Mike that he was in.

In terms of most people's definition of success, Mike has really made it. But to one who knows Michael, as I do, his greatest success lies in his creativity, and his creativity lies in his future. No matter what he does, or how well he does it, he will continue to improve because he has the talent and the energy and the ambition and the *will*—and it is that last ingredient that makes it possible for anyone who wants to go all the way. What is *will?* It is best described in an oft-used quote of my good friend, Mike Nesmith: "When there is no wind—*row!*"



Here, Mike (sitting) is shown with his Folk and Roll Combo and a guest, fashion model Carolee Graham. Others, left to right, are John London, Jim Messinger and Bill Chadwick. ——→

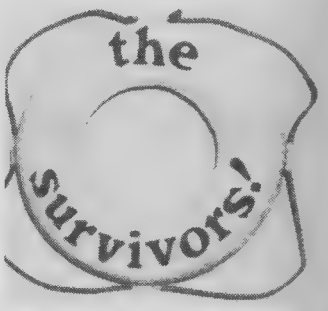
"MY BUDDY MIKE"

WHEN MIKE AND I finished our "legendary" two-man tour of just about every grade and high school in Texas, it was Christmas, 1964, and we went to our respective homes —mine in San Antonio and his in Dallas—to spend the Yuletide with our families. After the holidays, I went to Dallas and joined Mike, and once again we started practicing, practicing, *practicing*. Up until that time, we had both been totally in the "folk bag," but now we decided to work with electric instruments and use a drummer. Mike busily set himself to the task of writing material that was more *rock* oriented. Though he loved his folk tunes, he felt that the rock sound and lyrics would enable him to reach a bigger audience.

"THE MONKEY BAR"

After weeks of practice with Mike's new material, we went back to California and started auditioning to perform in the various clubs. We didn't do too well, so we ended up on the outskirts of town—and I do mean *'way* out. Like Las Vegas, Nevada! *No joke.* Mike still worked his special magic with audiences and was able to hold them in the palm of his hands and change their mood almost on musical command. After every set we got overwhelming applause and this, more than the money, meant a great deal to us.

Next, we got booked at a place called "The Monkey Bar" in San Jose, Calif. "The Monkey Bar" catered to a younger set, and they really took to the fast beat of Mike's music. Little did we know that this first brush with Monkee-ism was quite auspicious for Mr. Mike Nesmith. Finally, we got booked back in Los Angeles. Randy Sparks had left the New Christy Minstrels and formed a group called The Survivors. He wanted Mike and me to be a part of that group. Although there were many talented performers and potential leaders in this newly conceived group, Mike was clearly the only one with enough professional polish to be the *true* leader—and we all knew that and, in conjunction with Mr. Sparks, we voted him "Head Survivor". Mr. Sparks' "Ledbetters" Club for youngsters in Los Angeles



The Survivors—right before the fire. Left to right: Dale Ramos, Bill Chadwick, Niles Brown, Carol Strong, Mike Nesmith, Owens Castleman and John London.

Look for YOUR favorites! They're bound to be here!

80 ALL-STAR ADDRESSES

P.S. When you write to them, be sure to print "I Am A 16 Reader" on the outside of your envelope.

THE ACTION KIDS
9125 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif. 90069

KEITH ALLISON
9125 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif. 90069

ASSOCIATION ADMIRATION AGGREGATION
c/o Stephanie Mason
5991 Belen St.
Long Beach, Calif.

BEACH BOYS
Capitol Records
1750 N. Vine
Hollywood, Calif.

THE BEATLES
Nems Enterprises, Ltd.
Sutherland House
5/6 Argyll St.
London W.1. Eng.

BEE GEES
Nems Enterprises
Sutherland House
5/6 Argyll St.
London W.1, Eng.

JEFF BECK NATIONAL FAN CLUB
Epic Records
51 W. 52nd St.
New York, N.Y. 10019

BLUES MAGOOS SOCIETY
Suite 700
850 Seventh Ave.
New York, N.Y.

TOMMY BOYCE & BOBBY HART
c/o Derek Taylor
9000 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.

THE BROTHERHOOD
Fang, Smitty & Drake
c/o Irene Volk
12214 Miranda St.
North Hollywood, Calif.

BUCKINGHAMS FAN CLUB
c/o Fran Reed
P.O. Box 1392
Beverly Hills, Calif.

BYRDS
9000 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.

CHAD & JEREMY FAN CLUB
Jill Stuart
Box 1409
Beverly Hills, Calif.

DAVE CLARK 5
60 Binco Rd.
Infield
Middlesex, Eng.

PETULA CLARK FAN CLUB
Gordon Skelding, Pres.
9 Appleton Road
Glen Ridge, N.J. 07028

CHRIS CROSBY
c/o Ron Tepper
8961 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif.

COUNTRY JOE & THE FISH
Intergalactic Fish Fan Club
Box 2233
Berkely, Calif.

JAMES DARREN
Warner Bros. Records
4000 Warner Blvd.
New York, N.Y.

NEIL DIAMOND
c/o Pat Manetta
Box 254
Massapequa, N.Y.

DINO, DESI & BILLY (and Ricci)
c/o Reprise Records
4000 Warner Blvd.
Burbank, Calif.

MICKY DOLENZ PERSONAL FAN CLUB
Box 1198
Los Gatos, Calif. 95030

DON & THE GOODTIMES NATIONAL FAN CLUB
Suite 540
9171 Wilshire Blvd.
Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210

DONOVAN
Epic Records
52 W. 51 Street
New York, N.Y.

THE DOORS
Suite 823
6290 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif.

BOB DYLAN
75 E. 55th St.
New York, N.Y.

ELECTRICAL UNION FOR PRUNES
721-14th Way S.W.
Edmonds, Wash.

LESLEY EVANS
Box 1091
Studio City, Calif. 91604

EVERY MOTHERS' SON
MGM Records
1350 Ave. Of Americas
New York, N.Y.

THE FIVE AMERICANS
Abnak Music Enterprises, Inc.
825 Olive At Ross
Dallas, Texas 75201

ROY HEAD
c/o Backbeat Records
5208 Wylie
Houston, Texas

HERMAN'S HERMITS
200 W. 57th St.
New York, N.Y.

THE HOLLIES
200 W. 57th St.
New York, N.Y.

GARY & THE HORNETS
586 Rockwell Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio

BRIAN HYLAND AND THE JOKERS
80 N. Pinew St.
N. Massapequa, N.Y.

TOMMY JAMES & THE SHONDELLS
c/o Leonard Stogel
Apt. 4C
888 8th Ave.
New York, N.Y.

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE
RCA Victor Records
1510 N. Vine
Hollywood, Calif.

DAVY JONES FAN CLUB
8966 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif. 90069

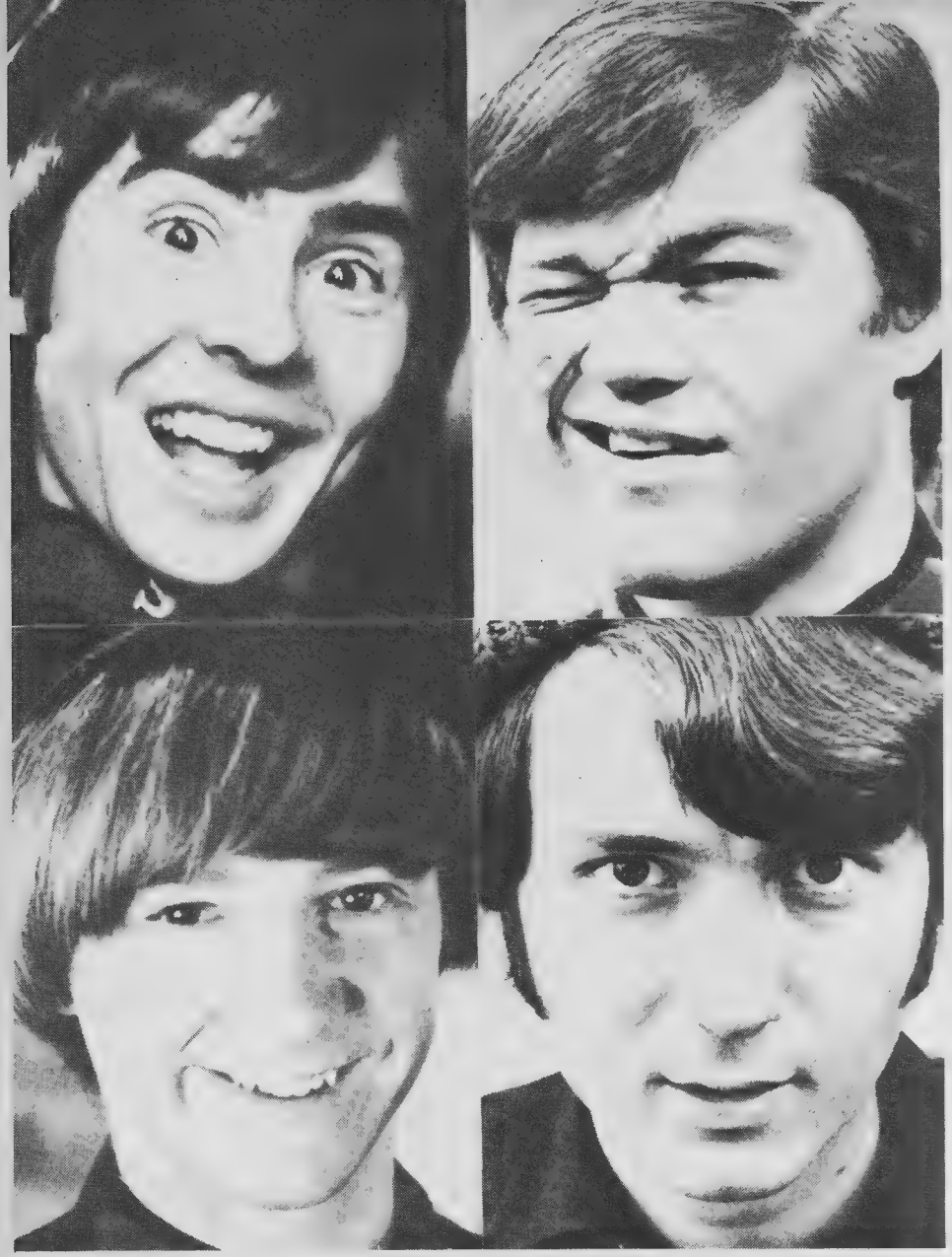
KEITH
Apt. 4C
888 8th Ave.
New York, N.Y.

BRUCE LEE
c/o The Green Hornet
9336 West Washington Blvd.
Culver City, Calif.

GARY LEWIS & PLAYBOYS
8816 Burton Way
Beverly Hills, Calif.

MARK LINDSAY
9126 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64



Here We Are!

KNOW the MONKEES as NEVER before! 16's brand-new, EXCLUSIVE Monkees book — HERE WE ARE! — is an ABSOLUTE mustmustMUST for each and EVERY Monkee-maniac out there in 16-land!

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW—
WHAT THE MONKEES THINK OF EACH OTHER
DAVY, MICKY, PETER AND MIKE'S EARLY LIVES
HOW TO MEET YOUR FAVORITE MONKEE
40 NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED MONKEES SECRETS
THE DAVY JONES NOBODY KNOWS
MICKY'S SECRET LIFE
WHAT THE PEOPLE WHO HELPED "MAKE" THE MONKEES REALLY THINK OF THEM
THE MONKEES' PARENTS SPEAK
PETER TORK'S "OTHER LIFE"
AND MORE! MORE! MORE!

Well, you *can* get to know each and every one of these fascinating items — AND you can also get a fantastic array of *never-before-seen* photos of the Monkees from their birth to the present day PLUS a super-smash, *personally autographed* pin-up of Davy, Peter, Mike and Micky.

And hear this! In this one-of-a-kind, exclusive Monkees book, *Here We Are!*, you will also get *each and every one of the addresses* where you can write to the Monkees — from their fan club address to their very own personal addresses.

This ultra-fab, super-groovy book can be *yours* just by filling in the coupon, cutting it out and mailing it to the address on the coupon — *with a one-dollar bill attached.* It's a fact! For only *one dollar, 16* will send you its brand-new, exclusive Monkees book, *HERE WE ARE!* Ask for your copy *now!*

SEPTEMBER 1967

MONKEES EXCLUSIVE — "HERE WE ARE"

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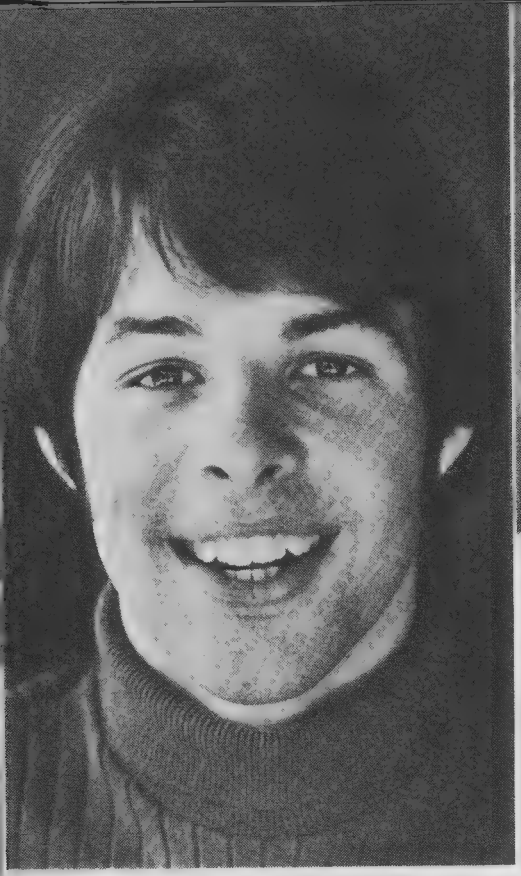
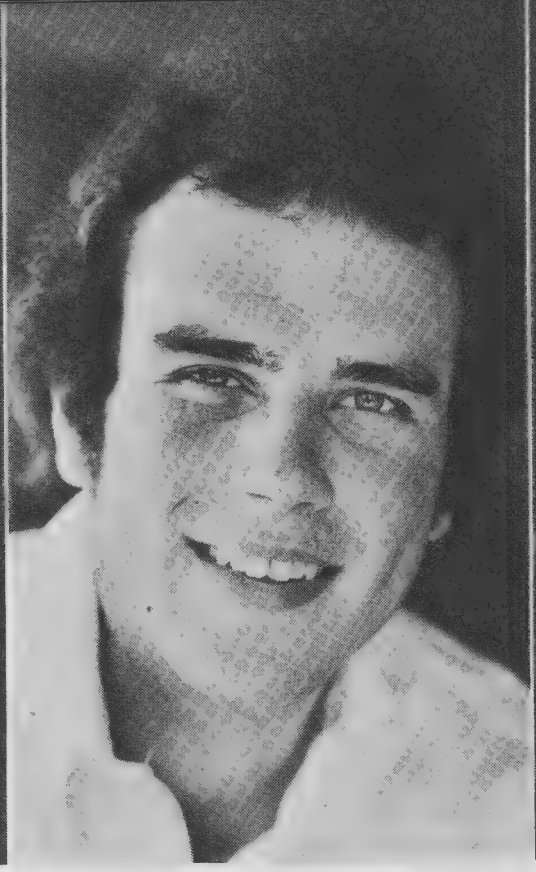
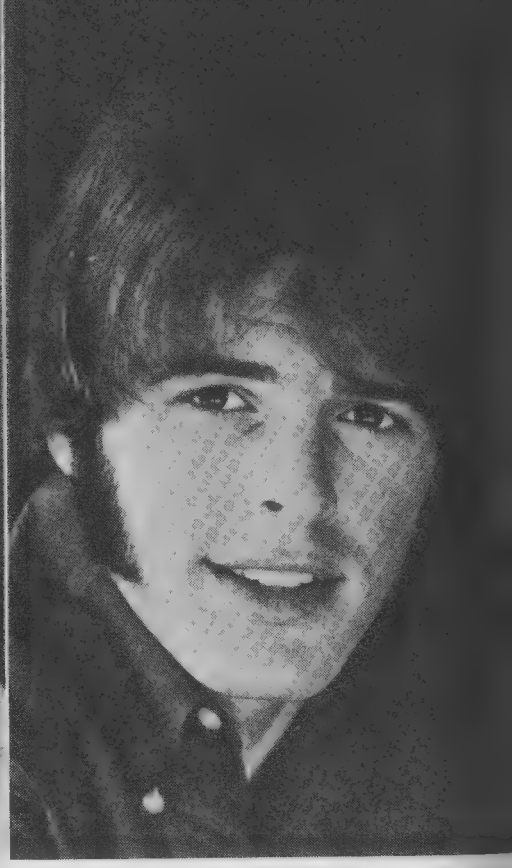


PHIL



DRAKE



SMITTY

LOOKIN' BACK *with* PHIL, DRAKE & SMITTY

The three ex-Raiders, now the Brotherhood, reminisce about the day when they first met, got acquainted and the good times had when they played with Paul Revere.

PHIL: "I remember when Drake and I first began running around together. It was in the summer in Idaho. We started pickin' cherries and ended up pickin' guitars. Eventually, the two of us got a small group. I remember that Mike Smith sat in with us a few times."

SMITTY: "I remember seeing Drake and Phil together in a teen nightclub Paul Revere had built. One thing I couldn't forget after listening to them was that I thought they were a 'little touched in the head' — and that they smiled a lot."

DRAKE: "Then the end of the summer came and Phil went away to college. I joined Smitty in the group he was in — Paul Revere & the Raiders. We became fast friends, but I missed not having Phil in the group. After a year, he joined us. We did some recording and got on *Action,* and generally had a good time."

PHIL: "Then Drake had to leave the group and go into the service. Revere & the Raiders continued with Jim 'Harpo' Valley on the guitar. Although we were enjoying great success and we loved what we were doing, for Smitty and me a little of our old spirit was missing."

DRAKE: "I remember when I got back from the Army, I had short hair and a suntan. Smitty and Phil were the only ones who recognized me at first glance. We wrote a lot of songs together and we dreamed of producing our own records."

SMITTY: "It was great when Drake came back with the group for Paul Revere & the Raiders' spring tour. We were back on the road again, playing together again — we were really having a ball."

PHIL: "The inevitable had to happen. Though we loved being with Paul Revere & the Raiders, Drake, Smitty and I realized that our *own* day was coming. We felt that we should and must do our own songs in our own group. We felt that no one could be a Raider forever, no matter how much fun it was."

DRAKE: "We went to Paul and explained to him how we felt and what we wanted. The kind of music Phil, Smitty and I love most of all is really quite different from the Raider hard-rock sound. After talking with Paul, we began to make plans to form the Brotherhood and start cutting records, which we hope you will love as much as we will love making them for you."

ALL OF US: "Now we are relaxing, practicing and thinking about the future. We want our music to be magic, so that it lifts you out of yourself and gives you a very, very special feeling about life and love."

MONKEES PRESENT "OUR FAVORITE PIX"

IT'S FIZZY! IT'S SWINGY! IT'S ULTRA BEZAZZLING!!

MICKY, DAVY, PETER & MIKE PICK THEIR FAVORITE PIX OF THEMSELVES and present them to you!

100 SUPER-COOL, INSTANT-MAGIC MONKEE PIX!

25 EACH OF YOUR FAVE TEEN IDOLS— NOTHING LIKE THIS HAS EVER BEEN SEEN ANYWHERE BEFORE!

FIRST AND FOREMOST — TWO HUGE, GORGEOUS SIGNED PIN-UPS OF DAVY, MIKE, PETER AND MICKY!

SECOND — 20 REVEALING CANDIDS THAT SHOW WHAT THE MONKEES REALLY ARE LIKE IN THEIR PRIVATE LIVES!

PLUS — three each of their very own favorite childhood pix — selected and captioned by the monkees themselves!

IT'S MAGIC! It'll mesmerize you, hold you spellbound! Cos this isn't simply a book of Monkee pictures. It's THE book of Monkee pictures chosen by the Monkees themselves — their very favorite pix in the world! And it's the *only* book of its kind *anywhere* in the world!

Get your copy now and see what the Monkees enjoy most — the pictures that please Davy, Micky, Peter and Mike better than any other! *You'll* enjoy them more than any other Monkee pictures, too — we guarantee it!

Just print your name and address on the coupon you see here, cut it out and mail it to the address on the coupon — together with a *one-dollar bill* — and the great new book, *Monkees: "Our Favorite Pix"*, will be sent to you. *One dollar* — that's all it costs to give yourself the thrill of a lifetime!

MONKEES: "OUR FAVORITE PIX" SEPTEMBER 1967

Please send me *16*'s new book, MONKEES: "OUR FAVORITE PIX." I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

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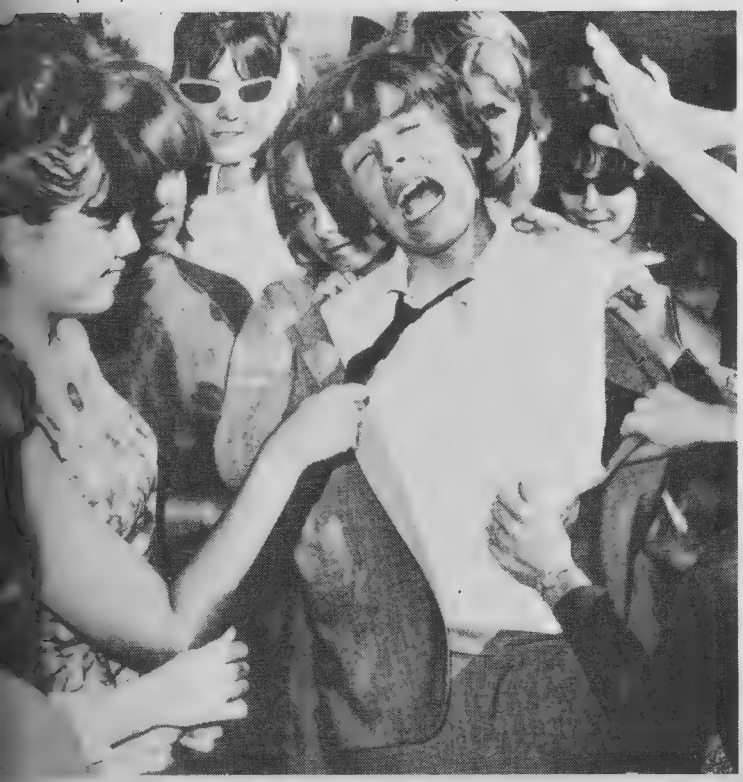
HERMAN'S HERMITS FREAK OUT
. . . AND TELL YOU HOW TO BECOME A TOP RECORD STAR IN FOUR EASY LESSONS!
16

Every group needs a **good** picture for publicity purposes. Get your group together, look your best — and snap away!

Fan mail is very important to a rock and roll star! Get yourself some fans and have them all write at least **10** letters each! (Be sure to answer all your fan mail **personally.**)

Learn how to **correctly** use all your equipment. Here is a demonstration of how to properly use a microphone! **SEE, IT'S E-Z!!**

Try to meet as many of your fans **in person** as possible! (Nice, quiet, civilized encounters can be fun!)



Frenchy's Freakies

Once again **16** Proudly Presents another Provocative picture as a Prescription to make you Palpitate with Pleasure — another Portraiture of Praiseworthy Performers at the peak of Popularity — Painted with Painstaking Patience and Perfect Perfection of our own Private Prodigy — the Perkiest Pencil-Pusher in all of Pop-dom, Miss Frency Blanch. **P.S.** Don't forget to write Frenchy at **16** and tell her which of your favorite stars you would like her to draw next time!

CONTEST NEWS

"FIVE ERRORS" CONTEST WINNERS
(From May Issue)
Bev Landall, 12, Meadville, Penna.
Cathy Williamson, 15, Columbia, S. S.
Marie Parsons, 12, Ft. Worth, Texas
Georgia Clark, 13, Fenton, Mich.
Martha Emerald, 12, Portland, Ore.

"WIN MICKY'S PERSONAL PHONE NUMBER" CONTEST WINNER
(From June Issue)
Louise Stanton, 14, Euclid, Ohio

Louise receives a personal phone call from Micky Dolenz and his unlisted home telephone number. She will also receive a huge, autographed color pin-up of Micky, a surprise gift, a handwritten note and a free full year's subscription to *16* Magazine.

"WIN A DAY WITH DAVY JONES" CONTEST (From April Issue) and "MEET THE MONKEES" CONTEST (From May Issue) have not yet been judged. There is still a chance to win! Rush your entries now!

YOU can be a STAR MAKER!

Write the names of your two *top favorites* in each category *in the spaces provided on this ballot. Then write your own name, age and address, cut out the ballot and mail it to* 16 Magazine. *Not only will your vote help to determine which stars we will feature in* 16, *but you can help make your favorites bigger and brighter stars!* *September, 1967*

MY TWO FAVORITE MALE MOVIE STARS ARE:
1. .....
2. .....

MY TWO FAVORITE FEMALE MOVIE STARS ARE:
1. .....
2. .....

MY TWO FAVORITE MALE TV STARS ARE:
1. .....
2. .....

MY TWO FAVORITE FEMALE TV STARS ARE:
1. .....
2. .....

MY TWO FAVORITE FEMALE SINGERS ARE:
1. .....
2. .....

MY TWO FAVORITE MALE SINGERS ARE:
1. .....
2. .....

MY TWO FAVORITE GROUPS ARE:
1. .....
2. .....

MY TWO FAVORITE NEWCOMERS ARE:
1. .....
2. .....

MY TWO FAVORITE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE ARE:
1. .....
2. .....

MY TWO FAVORITE PIN-UPS ARE:
1. .....
2. .....

MY NAME..... BIRTHDAY.....

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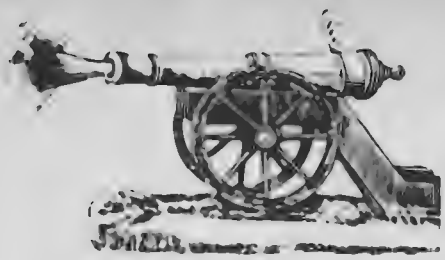
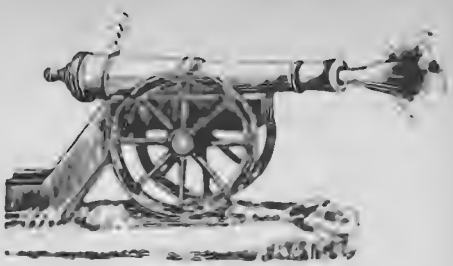


THE BEATLES PRESENT



"THE SOLUTION TO THE GREAT *SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND* LP COVER MYSTERY!"

WOWEE—take a look at this! Yep, it's the Beatles' super-superior Capitol album, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.* And when you buy this latest John, Paul, George and Ringo "masterpiece", you will not only get one of the best and most exciting LPs *ever* cut, but you will also get: (1) a smashing double-spread color portrait of the Beatles; (2) your very own "Sgt. Pepper Cut-Outs" kit; *and* (3) a *free* copy of all the lyrics! It's sensaysh, fab, knock-out and even gear—but there's *one* thing missing. And that's the "key" to *who* all those cats are whose faces appear on the cover of the album along with JPG&R.

(*Trumpet fanfare*) It's here—*at last!*: the solution to the riddle of the century is finally cleared up right on these pages in sweet little *16!* So go get your copy of the album, a magnifying glass (plus a cup of refreshing oolong), and spend a joy-filled hour oooh-ing, ah-ing and oh-yeah-ing over the parade of personalities the Beatles describe simply as "People we like."

WHO'S WHO IN SGT. PEPPER'S BAND

1. Guru (Indian holy man)
2. Aleister Crowley (The Beast 666—black magician)
3. Mae West
4. Lenny Bruce (American comedian)
5. Stockhausen (Modern German composer)
6. W. C. Fields
7. C. J. Jung (psychologist)
8. Edgar Allan Poe
9. Fred Astaire
10. Merkin (American artist)
11. Drawing of a girl
12. Huntz Hall (Bowery Boy)
13. Simon Rodia (folk artist—creator of Watts Towers)
14. Bob Dylan
15. Aubrey Beardsley (Victorian artist)
16. Sir Robert Peel (Police pioneer)
17. Aldous Huxley (philosopher)
18. Dylan Thomas (Welsh poet)
19. Terry Southern (author)
20. Dion (American pop singer)
21. Tony Curtis
22. Wallace Berman (Los Angeles artist)
23. Tommy Handley (wartime comedian)
24. Marilyn Monroe
25. William Burroughs (author of "The Naked Lunch")
26. Guru
27. Stan Laurel
28. Richard Lindner (New York artist)
29. Oliver Hardy
30. Karl Marx
31. H. G. Wells
32. Guru
33. Stuart Sutcliffe (former Beatle who died before group became famous)
34. Drawing of a girl
35. Max Miller
36. Drawing of a girl
37. Marlon Brando
38. Tom Mix (cowboy film star)
39. Oscar Wilde
40. Tyrone Power
41. Larry Bell (modern painter)
42. Dr. Livingstone (in wax)
43. Johnny Weissmuller (former Tarzan)
44. Stephen Crane (nineteenth century American writer)
45. Issy Bonn (comedian)
46. George Bernard Shaw (in wax)
47. Albert Stubbins (Liverpool footballer)
48. Guru
49. Einstein
50. Lewis Carroll
51. Sonny Liston
52. 53. 54. 55. The Beatles (in wax)
56. Guru
57. Marlene Dietrich
58. Diana Dors
59. Shirley Temple (child star)
60. Bobby Breen (singing prodigy)
61. T. E. Lawrence (Lawrence of Arabia)
62. American Legionnaire

(Hey, fellas, what happened to Lord Buckley and The NAZ?—G.S.)

MONKEES' GRANDEST

IF YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC, ALL OF THESE ULTRA-FANTABULOUS, GRR-WOW GOODIES CAN BE YOURS!

DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC? Do you believe that if you wish for something hard enough, no matter what it is, wishing will make it come true? Do you believe that every girl has a grr-wow, ultra-fantabulous, genuine Mohammedan genie who comes a-runnin' whenever she calls and fulfills her fondest dreams?

Well, chickees, you'd better **believe — cos we've got not one, not two, not three, but FOUR soopa-doopa genies for** each **and** everyone **of you just waiting to make your wildest dreams come true! Just cast your eyes over these pages and you'll see them pictured in their best genie bonnets — your ravey mad-hatters, Mike, Davy, Peter and Micky!**

So shut your eyes, cross your fingers and make a wish. Now snap to — and see if everything you wished for isn't included in this list of the Monkees' grandest giveaway prizes!

IMPORTANT! YOU CANNOT ENTER 16'S "MONKEES' GRANDEST GIVEAWAY CONTEST" UNLESS YOU USE THIS COUPON! FILL IT IN, CUT IT OUT AND MAIL IT NOW!

"MONKEES' GRANDEST GIVEAWAY CONTEST"
SEPTEMBER 1967

Please enroll me in *16*'s "Monkees' Grandest Giveaway Contest."

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35 GREAT BIG GORGEOUS BLACK & WHITE AND **COLOR PICS OF THE MONKEES**
INDIVIDUALLY **AND AS A** GROUP!
(Four of these pics will be personally signed by Davy, Peter, Mike and Micky *just for you!*)

PLUS

A SUPER-SPECIAL, GREAT BIG MONKEES' TREASURE CHEST WITH THE FOLLOWING SURPRIZES IN IT:

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST BLACK AND WHITE POSTER OF THE MONKEES!
(It's over six feet tall!)

•

A GIGANTIC CLOSE-UP COLOR POSTER OF DAVY, PETER, MIKE AND MICKY!

•

AN ACTUAL SCRIPT FROM ONE OF THE MONKEES **TV SEGMENTS!**
(It's personally autographed **by each of the boys!)**

•

AN AUTOGRAPHED COPY OF THE MONKEES' COLGEMS LP HEADQUARTERS AND

GIVEAWAY CONTEST!

AN AUTOGRAPHED COPY OF THEIR LATEST SINGLE RECORD!

(Plus a **groovy three-speed** record player **for you to play these records on** and **your very own Monkees** record carrying case !)

•

2 MONKEE VISOR CAPS
AND
ONE MONKEE CAP WITH ITS OWN SPECIAL BUILT-IN SUN SHADES!

•

4 PAIRS OF ORIGINAL MONKEE SPECS!

(One pair is yellow, one green, one blue and one pink!)

•

A MONKEE SWEATSHIRT AND
A BEIGE SHORT-SLEEVE MONKEE SHIRT!

•

A MONKEE BELT WITH A MONKEE BELT BUCKLE — AND A BIG BONUS PACKAGE

CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING MONKEE GOODIES:

A Monkee pencil case
A Monkee wallet
A Monkee purse — complete with mirror, comb, etc.
A Monkee loose-leaf notebook

•

YES, YOU GET ALL OF THESE SUPER-GLAM PRIZES
PLUS
A FREE **Copy of** EACH **of** 16**'s Fabulous MONKEE BOOKLETS** — HERE WE ARE;
MONKEE PRIVATE PICTURE BOOK;
MONKEES: "OUR FAVORITE PIX"
AND
A FREE **FULL YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO** 16 **MAGAZINE!**

Like we said, Mike, Davy, Peter and Micky are practically bustin' their turbans to serve you all *of these groovy goodies — and to get these four adorable genies to fetch you the loot, you have only to lift a finger! That's right! Just lift a finger, wrap it around a pen or pencil, and print your name, age and address on the coupon. Then cut out the coupon and mail it to the address on the coupon.*

Every coupon will be dropped inside a barrel. The barrel will then be revolved and 16*'s editor, Gloria Stavers,* blindfolded, *will pick* one *coupon from the barrel. The coupon she picks will win the whole magical Monkees giveaway — and all of the ravey gifts listed will be sent to the contestant who mailed the coupon!*

If you believe in magic, shut your eyes, cross your fingers, make a wish — then snap to and send that coupon off today!

16

PETER TORK IN GERMANY

BY PETER'S "GRAMS," MRS. CATHERINE McGUIRE STRAUS

WHEN three-year-old Peter, his new little brother Nicky and his mom Ginny arrived in Berlin, Germany, where Peter's dad — Lieutenant H. John Thorkelson — was stationed, they were very pleased with the rustic house on the edge of the city the Army had provided for them. They were also very pleased that they had *two German maids!* Though the Thorkelsons were never poor, they had not had servants before, and it was a real luxury to the family to have Anna and Hilda there to wait on them hand and foot. One memory that still stands out in Peter's mind, even though it happened many years ago, was how Anna and Hilda put sugar in all the food they prepared for the family. Peter thought that must be some strange German way of cooking, but Ginny confided the secret to me years later: it was the only way Anna and Hilda could get Peter and Nicky to eat the unusual German dishes they prepared.

PETER'S BRUSH WITH DEATH

The most interesting character in Peter's life in Germany was Herr Derrich, the family chauffeur. But Herr Derrich was more than that. He was an exciting man who knew how to tell the kind of fantastic stories that would keep little boys spellbound for hours. Naturally, he was very dear to Peter and Nicky. But Herr Derrich became dear to the entire family for quite another reason — when Peter was four and a half, Herr Derrich saved his life!

It happened one afternoon when Ginny and John were away from the house. Peter was playing hide-and-seek with Nicky, and in the excitement of running to hide he thought that one of the glass doors leading to the porch was *open*. Well, it wasn't — so when one speeding boy met one immovable *closed* glass door, the results were nothing short of catastrophic! With glass shattering all about him, Peter drew back and looked at his left arm. All that he could see was blood. Naturally, he started screaming at the top of his voice.

Herr Derrich came running, and when he saw what was happening he lifted Peter into his arms, jumped into the car and rushed to the nearest doctor. It seems that Peter had actually severed one of the main veins in his arm, and had he been alone in the house at the time of the accident, he would have bled to death! Anyway, our boy was taken care of, put back together and stitched up. But he still bears the scar from that ghastly experience to this day.

PETER'S FIRST "BEST FRIEND"

Peter is very fortunate in that he has many good friends these days, but his "very first best friend" was a lovely German boy named Ule (pronounced Oo-lay). Ule was seven, two years older than Peter, but that made no difference. They went swimming and sailing together on the Wanssee in Berlin. Ule perfected Peter's German (which, alas, Peter has forgotten, along with the French that he also used to speak perfectly). In fact, Peter and Ule did all the wonderful things that two growing boys can do together, and though the years have passed they have not dimmed Peter's memory of his German friend. He has not heard from Ule in years, but maybe now that Peter is a Monkee his "first best friend' will see him, recognize him and seek him out again. Peter surely hopes so.

When Peter was six years old, the four Thorkelsons finished their time in Germany and headed back to the States. They settled in the thriving metropolis of Baraboo, Wisconsin (population 500), where Peter's father finished a year at the University of Wisconsin and got his Ph.D. in Economics. But the "lure of the East" was very strong to the Thorkelsons, and after visiting with us again and again, Ginny and John packed Peter and Nicky up one more time and headed for Connecticut, where they were to settle down for a while.

It was during this period that the most exciting adventures of Peter's life began — and I'll get to those in the next issue, as the true life story of Peter Tork slowly unfolds for you here in the pages of *16*. You'll be surprised, for instance, to learn that Peter was an actor *long* before he took up music — and we have photos to prove it! See you next month. The October issue of *16* goes on sale August 22.

Ginny, Ule and Peter pose for Papa Thorkelson's camera.

Peter and Ule in a moment of camaraderie.

'A HIDEAWAY' WEEKEND W

Come along on a wild trip to the Catskills and see Davy display all the qualities that would later make him the world's top teen fave!

TH DAVY JONES by JEFF NEAL

AS YOU KNOW if you are a *16* regular, I'm Jeff Neal, a 13-year-old New York City boy who first met Davy Jones in June, 1963, when I was one of the kids in *Oliver!* and he was the Artful Dodger, leader of our "gang". Davy not only became my friend, but he also became very close to my family, and as the months went by he began to spend more and more time with us. The weekend that I am going to tell you about was one of the few times that Davy and I managed to get away and relax during the run of *Oliver!*

DAVY'S BIGGEST "SPLASH"!

My mom and dad had made a reservation for us at the Raleigh Hotel, a luxurious Catskill Mountain resort two hours distant from New York. Since we worked Saturday night, our "weekend" would actually consist of all day Sunday and two-thirds of Monday — for we had to be back at the theatre and ready to go on by 8 o'clock Monday night.

Sunday at 6:30 a.m., Mom woke Davy and myself — or should I say, she did her best to? We walked around in a daze for 30 minutes like two wind-up dolls while Mom packed our overnight bags for us. On the highway to the Catskills we stopped at a cafeteria for breakfast, and that's when Davy and I began to wake up.

"You know, I'm not a bit hungry," Davy said to me quite seriously, as we pushed our trays along the counter. Well, all I can say is I hope you never see him *hungry* — for when he got through *selecting,* his tray was overloaded with French toast, jelly, orange juice, scrambled eggs, bacon and milk.

"You forgot the tea," I chided him.

"No room," Davy mumbled, still serious. Whereupon he wiped out every morsel on his tray.

Just before noon, our car turned a curve and ahead of us we saw one of the most beautiful hotels ever. It was three stories of sprawling luxury nestled in the rolling green Catskill Mountains. To the left, you could see a huge outdoor swimming pool, and on the right there were volleyball and baseball courts. In front, there was a fountain with a landscaped garden, and off to the left you could see the beginning of the golf course. The lobby was full of two interesting things: lots of shops and lots of groovy-looking chicks. I don't have to tell you which drew Davy's interest and *held* it!

After we saw our rooms, which were huge and beautiful, Davy and I rushed off to visit Bobby Rydell, who was headlining the show there. At that time, the ever-popular Bobby was America's biggest teenage idol, and David was very excited over meeting him (little did he dream that he — Davy Jones would one day become the *world's* greatest teenage idol!).

Soon it was two in the afternoon and time for Davy and I to start seeing the "sights" — which to Davy meant (and *still* means) finding some girls to flirt with. We settled for the indoor swimming pool and, let me tell you, Davy put on quite a show! At that time, long hair boys were not very common, but — just as they do now — the girls loved it. So that was one strike in Davy's favor. By the time he finished his afternoon "performance" — which consisted of a brilliant demonstration of his free-style and backstroke techniques, three super-tricky dives from the high board, with a few cartwheels around the pool for a wind-up — Davy had gathered himself quite a crowd. And the fact that 100 percent of that crowd consisted of fascinated teenage girls only made Davy *more* happy and enthusiastic! Believe me, when it was finally time for us to leave it wasn't easy to get Davy to say farewell to his "audience".

"HAVE I GOTTA GIRL FOR YOU!"

After a groovy dinner, the high point of our weekend came. We all went to see Bobby perform. Before he went on, comedienne Totie Fields did her bit (I hope you've seen her on *The Ed Sullivan Show* — she's really outasite). At one point, Totie introduced Davy as the ". . . star of *Oliver!*" After the applause for him died down, Totie yelled out, "Have I gotta *girl* for you!" (Meaning her teenage daughter.)

Davy brought the house down by jumping up and exclaiming, "Where? Where? Where?" — in his best Manchester accent!

After Bobby's sensational performance, we all met in the Raleigh Lounge. The Lounge is really the place where all the young people get to meet all the *other* young people they've been eyeing all weekend! Once again, I am proud to say, Davy came through with flying colors. As a matter of fact, my folks had given me a curfew of 10 p.m., and the last thing I saw over my shoulder as I left the Lounge was Davy, surrounded by teenage admirers, singing, signing autographs and exchanging bits of conversation with his pretty new friends.

In spite of the late hours he had kept, Davy work up early the next morning — bright-eyed and bushy-tailed — and we began one of the most unforgettable days of my life. Put on your running shoes, cos here we go!

First, we went ice-skating in the large indoor arena. Next, we went to the ball park, formed teams and played six innings of baseball. Then we had a fast lunch at the coffee shop and played two sets of badminton. After that we formed more teams and played two games of volleyball. Next, we went swimming in the outdoor pool (Davy doing a stunning repeat of yesterday afternoon's stellar indoor pool performance). After that we flopped down for a combination sunlamp treatment and real sunbath. Then we hopped up and ran to the Health Club, where we finished off our afternoon's activities with a steam bath and massage.

In case you didn't get the point by now — Davy and I were sandwiching a whole week's activities into one afternoon! And what a gas it was — just like a *romp* on *The Monkees* show! When we finally found Mom and Dad, they were nervously waiting for us in the lobby. "Come on, boys," my dad said. "We have to start *right now* or you'll be late for tonight's show."

Before we left, however, Davy's Catskills' "following" gathered with him in the lobby long enough to take gangs of pictures and get gangs of those precious autographs, *and* little did those girls dream then what fantastic popularity the future held for Davy. I hope they saved the photographs and autographs of he who is *today's* teen king!

Davy and I slept in the back seat of the car all the way home. When we got to the Broadway area, Davy indulged in one of his secret passions and had a big corned beef sandwich and frankfurter at the Sixth Avenue Deli before we hurried backstage and into our costumes — ready to begin another night in *Oliver!*

How would you like to have a party thrown in your honor and have the surprise guest turn out to be Davy Jones! It's gonna happen in the October issue of 16 — on sale August 22 — so meet me here and find out how you can share in all the fun!

the LO-DOWN
POR LA GATITA

OBSERVATION from a local guru, sometimes prone to provocative insight: "The Beatles' LP cover could be called, *Oh, What A Lovely Funeral.*" Could it be that the Liverpudlians are lumping themselves *already* among all those fallen "cult" idols? Same guru predicts that something super-spectacular will develop out of **George Harrison's** music. I second the motion . ... The coolest treat in years is the **Vanilla Fudge,** a new discovery of **Shadow Martin** (who also made **Janis Ian's** *Society's Child.*) **Shadow** is becoming an East Coast **Lou Adler** . . . **Herman's Hermits'** first major film, the upcoming *Mrs. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter,* is described as a "hip, Walt Disney-type of comedy-drama with music" and deals with the dog-racing business.

Her first initial is **D.** She's from a big family and her dad is a famous singer. His first initial is **D.** He's Manchester's gift to *The* — oops, I almost let the secret out — and they've been steady-dating — with a capital **D.** . . . **Leonard "Mr. Spock" Nimoy** drew an SRO crowd when he did an "autograph party" at a New York record store. Hope you latched onto his record *Leonard Nimoy Presents Mr. Spock's Music From Outer Space* on Dot Records.

Marriage predictions: Pretty **Kathy Carpenter** to her steady **David McCallum** — maybe even by the time this is in print.

Just in case you don't know by now, here — in the box on this page — is a list of songs, lead singers and composers on the **Beatles'** fabulous new LP.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET ON THE BEATLES' NEW LP

SONG TITLE	LEAD SINGER	COMPOSER
SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND	PAUL McCARTNEY	LENNON-McCARTNEY
A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS	RINGO STARR	LENNON-McCARTNEY
LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS	JOHN LENNON	LENNON-McCARTNEY
GETTING BETTER	PAUL McCARTNEY	LENNON-McCARTNEY
FIXING A HOLE	PAUL McCARTNEY	LENNON-McCARTNEY
SHE'S LEAVING HOME	LENNON-McCARTNEY	LENNON-McCARTNEY
BEING FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. KITE	JOHN LENNON	LENNON-McCARTNEY
WITHIN YOU, WITHOUT YOU	GEORGE HARRISON	GEORGE HARRISON
WHEN I'M SIXTY-FOUR	PAUL McCARTNEY	LENNON-McCARTNEY
LOVELY RITA	PAUL McCARTNEY	LENNON-McCARTNEY
GOOD MORNING, GOOD MORNING	JOHN LENNON	LENNON-McCARTNEY
SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND	(REPRISE)	LENNON-McCARTNEY
A DAY IN THE LIFE	LENNON-McCARTNEY	LENNON-McCARTNEY

Kathy & David

Leonard Nimoy

Herman with Stanley Holloway in **Mrs. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter.**

TAKE THEM! THEY'RE YOURS!

40 MONKEE WALLET PHOTOS!

NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN PORTRAIT & CANDID PHOTOS OF DAVY, MICKY, PETER & MIKE.

YOU'LL BE THE "STAR" OF YOUR GROUP WHEN YOU FLASH THROUGH YOUR WALLET AND ALL YOUR FRIENDS SEE THESE "PERSONALIZED", BEAUTIFUL MONKEE PIX!

AND GET THIS — ZZAAPP!! — 20 OF THE SUPER OUTASITE 16-TYPE SNAPSHOTS ARE AUTOGRAPHED — AND EACH AUTOGRAPH IS DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHER!

SO, ALL IN ALL, HERE'S WHAT YOU GET: 20 EXTRA GROOVY AUTOGRAPHED PIX OF DAVY, MICKY, PETER & MIKE! PLUS 20 ULTRA COOL CANDID SNAPSHOTS OF DAVY, MIKE, PETER & MICKY!

AND NONE OF THESE GORGEOUS PHOTOS HAVE EVER BEEN SEEN ANYWHERE ELSE BEFORE!

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO:

Just fill in the coupon, cut it out and mail it to the address on the coupon — with a one-dollar bill attached. Yes, just one dollar will get your MONKEE WALLET PHOTOS. So hurry that coupon "and your dollar" on its way TODAY!

SEPTEMBER 1967

MONKEE WALLET PHOTOS

Please send me **Monkee Wallet Photos.** I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

PLEASE PRINT

NAME ..... AGE .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZIP CODE .....

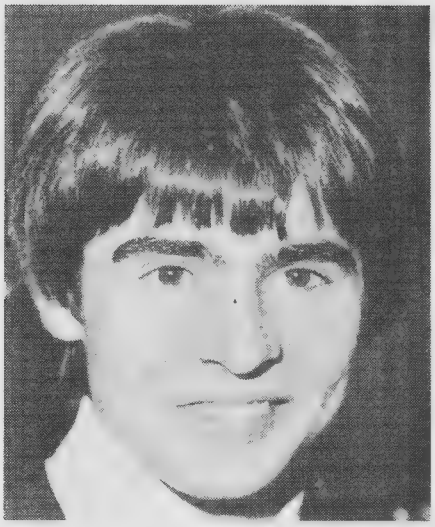
STATE .....

Mail this coupon to:

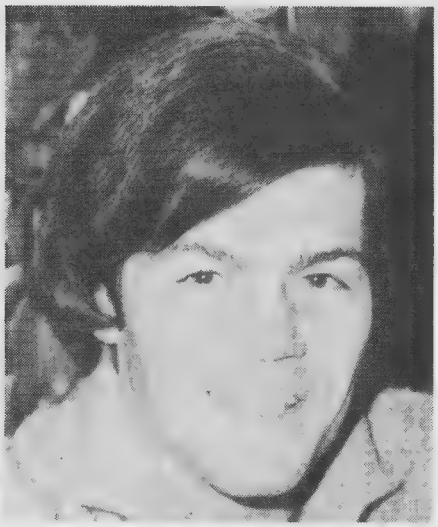
MONKEE WALLET PHOTOS

16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

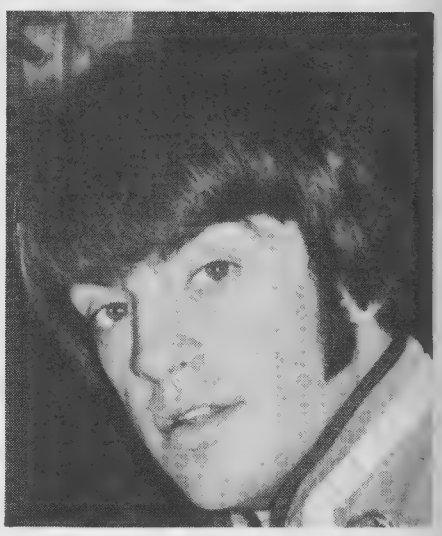
WOULD YOU LIKE TO WIN...



A SURPRISE KEEPSAKE FROM DAVY?



A PAIR OF DRUMSTICKS FROM MICKY?



A LEATHER HAIR RIBBON FROM MARK?

A BRACELET FROM HERMAN?

A ST. CHRISTOPHER MEDAL FROM DINO?

A STUFFED ANIMAL FROM FREDDY?

IF YOU WANT TO LEARN HOW TO GET TO *DREAMSVILLE* – READ BELOW!

ALL OF THESE – AND MORE – ARE WAITING FOR SOME LUCKY *16*-ERS. LOOK TO THE RIGHT AND SEE IF YOUR DREAM CAME TRUE!

WHAT is Dreamsville? Chickadee, **Dreamsville** is that place way up yonder where dreams come true like they were never fulfilled before–and the pure ecstasy might just flip you out and onto a cloud so high you may never make it back to mother earth again!

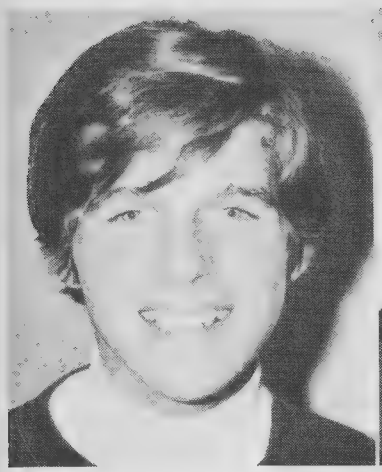
If you're ready to make the trip, hang on–*and heed this!* Write a letter–a simple, easy, *one-page letter*–to *16* Magazine telling exactly what special delight you are longing to get from your very favorite teen star. If we possibly can (and be assured: *16* stops at *nothing!*), we'll see that you get exactly what you dreamed about!

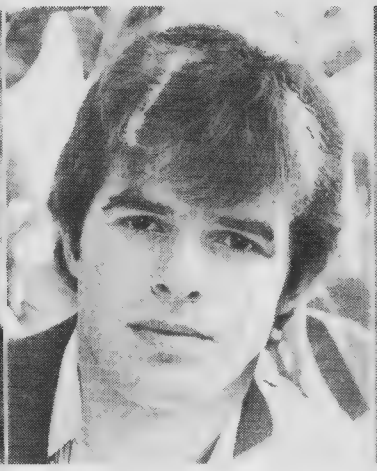
Hard to believe? Well, then, just take a look at the facing page. Each girl whose name and home town is printed there is a *16* reader who made a wish, dreamed a dream or yearned for something very special–*and got it* when *16* hauled her aboard our jet express to **Dreamsville.**

You can wing off to **Dreamsville** just as easily! Just write a short letter (*on one side* of the *sheet only!*) telling what you would dearly love to have. Could be a personal phone call–or a personal letter–from your favorite star. Could be a personal keepsake from your dream guy. Could be a pin-up portrait personally autographed by your grooviest group. Could be a whole set of recordings from the top of the charts. Could be any number of delicious things. It's *your* request–so *you* name it. Jot it down on a sheet of paper and mail it to the address below:

"DREAMSVILLE"
16 MAGAZINE
BOX 218
BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11202

After you've mailed your letter, don't fail to get every issue of 16 Magazine and watch the Dreamsville **answers page — because that's where you'll see the glorious news that everything you wished for, dreamed of, longed for has come true!**





DID YOU WIN A TRIP TO DREAMS-VILLE? LOOK & SEE

MARIA FOLSCHAN of Bronx, N.Y., is just mad, mad, *mad* about dashing **Davy Jones** of the **Monkees. Davy** made sure that her dreams came true by sending her a large autographed picture of himself and a surprise keepsake to remember him by. *Dreamsville* never fails!

Merry **Monkee Micky Dolenz** swung the gates to *Dreamsville* open wide for **SUSAN KEIPER of Lewiston, N.Y. Micky** sent her a pair of his very own drumsticks, a personally autographed picture of himself, and a copy of the **Monkee's** outasite Colgems LP, *Headquarters*. How do you like it up on Cloud Nine, **Susan**?

Raider Rooter **LINDA TEPPER of Lehigh Acres, Fla.,** should be comfortably settled in Seventh Heaven by now! **Mark Lindsay,** her all-time favorite star, sent her one of his very own leather ribbons that he uses to tie his ponytail with, a personally autographed picture *and* a full year's free subscription to *16* Magazine! *Dreamsville* does it again!

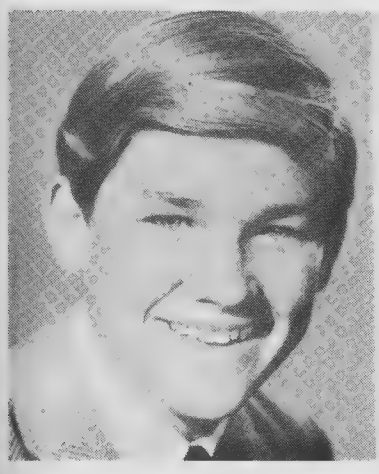
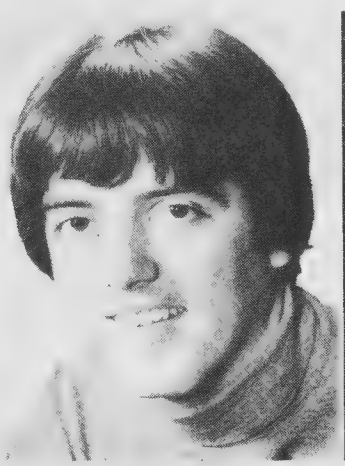
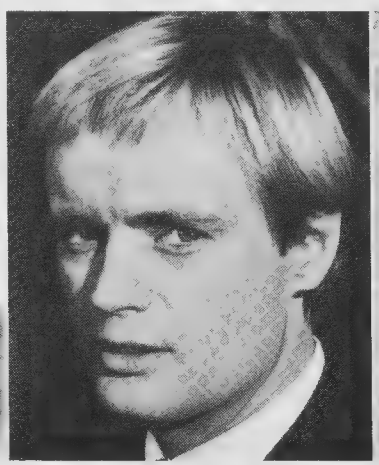
DEBBIE WARREN of Caldwell, Idaho, has been dreaming about **Peter "Herman" Noone.** Happy **Herman** made her dreams come true by sending **Debbie** an autographed picture of himself, a lovely bracelet and a full year's free subscription to his favorite magazine, *16*. *Dreamsville* never lets you down!

Dino Martin, Jr., sent **PAM GAWEL of Chicago, Ill.,** on a rocket ride to *Dreamsville*. **Dino** sent **Pam** a personally autographed picture of himself, a copy of the **Dino, Desi & Billy** Reprise single *Two In The Afternoon* and a St. Christopher medal to wear on her trip!

SUSAN BOYD of Alexandria, Va., has been flipping out over the new **Raider, Freddy Weller. Freddy** was so happy to be able to send someone to *Dreamsville* that he went all out! He sent **Susan** a personally autographed picture, a personally autographed stuffed animal and a super-surprise gift that he selected *just for her!*

16's Editor, **Gloria Stavers** sent **KYRIE COLLINS of New York City,** on an all-expense paid trip to *Dreamsville*. A full year's free subscription to *16*, five brand-new record albums and a portable record player to play them on are on the way!

Sonny and Cher sent a special *Dreamsville* package to **NANCY MILLER of Michigan City, Ind. Nancy** should be very happy with her personally autographed copy of their new Atco soundtrack LP, *Good Times*, a personally autographed picture of the terrific two — and a special surprise gift that **Cher** picked out just for **Nancy** on her last New York visit. Who said dreams don't come true? They do in *Dreamsville!*

"MY Intimate Childhood Pix" by MICKY DOLENZ

PART 4

Psst! The barrel of Mickys shown here was sketched by — but of course! — our own "infant terrible," Frenchy Blanch!

WHEN I LEFT YOU last month, I showed you the crew-cut, brown-haired picture of me that got me my role in **Circus Boy**. Funny thing about TV people — the first thing they did was to **change** me! They let my hair grow out, dyed it blond and switched my last name to Braddock. Here I am with "Chimp", who was on the show with me for two years.

This was taken by my dad in 1955, when we lived on Magnolia Street in North Hollywood. Yep — I used to wear my **Circus Boy** outfit at home. Yep — I did know how to play the guitar, but not very well. Little did I dream that one day I would be a recording artist!

Here's a picture of me — "Micky Braddock" of **Circus Boy** — when we were on location. This location happened to be around a swimming pool in Las Vegas. (Doesn't that seem a rather strange place for a circus to pitch tent?)

In 1957 I finished shooting **Circus Boy** and started going to public high school in Hollywood. Here's a candid of CoCo and me that my mom snapped. Don't know whether you can tell it or not, but my hair was growing in brown again.

Whew — I made it! At 16, I was graduated from Grant High School in North Hollywood. There were practically no pictures of me taken after this until the time I became a Monkee. However, there were plenty taken of my mom, step-dad and sisters, and I'm going to introduce you to them next month. See you in the October issue of **16**, which goes on sale August 22!

Newest Raider JOE, JR. introduces himself to YOU

HI! My name is Joe Correro, Jr., but Paul, the Raiders and *everybody* else calls me Joe, Jr. I was born on November 19, 1947, in Greenwood, Miss. I am two inches short of being six feet tall and I have brown hair and eyes. My mom Rose Ann and my older sister Joanne still live in Mississippi. I don't live anywhere right now, but I am settling in Los Angeles and hope to have an apartment in Hollywood.

I went to Greenwood Junior High School and Greenwood High, where music was my favorite subject. To date, I can play drums, vibes, piano, percussion, chimes, organ and flute. Before I joined the Raiders, I was a drummer with the Board of Directors. My personal favorites include Dionne Warwick, Louis Armstrong, Rod Steiger, Elke Sommer, *The Ed Sullivan Show*, Italian food and the color olive green. If I have a little time to myself, I like to go motorcycle riding or practice water-skiing. When I used to have time for sports, I dug football, baseball and fishing.

When I meet a girl, the first thing I notice is her eyes. I think you can tell whether a person is sincere and sympathetic by looking into their eyes. Next, I notice a girl's clothes. I love mini skirts and micro skirts — any up-to-date supermod clothes. When I go out on a date, I don't care what we do as long as we have a good time. I don't think it's fun to plan things, because often they don't work out exactly as you thought they would and you get disappointed. I think it's more fun to let the evening take care of itself and just be natural and happy.

My secret dream is to be the world's best drummer and to have my own home one day. I think I'd like a mansion in Greenwood, but who knows — maybe it will end up being an estate in Hollywood! Anyway, I am very thrilled to have been chosen to be a Raider. I hope I can become as popular as the past Raiders, whom you've adored — and bring you the same kind of happiness that they did. Believe me, I shall be trying with all my might — and I thank you in advance for any support and help you give me.

MONKEES IN COLOR WOW-EE! MICKY DAVY PETER & MIKE'S LARGER-THAN-LIFE SIGNED COLOR POSTER!

If you are a **Monkee Maniac** (and *who* isn't) drop everything and latch onto this first-time-ever once-in-a-lifetime chance to get your four favorite guys all together on a super-big outasite Monkee color poster. LIKE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYWHERE BEFORE!

Here's all you have to do: fill out the order coupon on this page (please print), attach a one dollar bill to it and mail to the address on the bottom of the coupon. Quicker'n you can say, *"I love you, Davy-Peter-Micky and Mike"* — you'll be receiving *16*'s exclusive, beautiful *Monkees Poster*. **It's guaranteed to knock you right out of your tree — so hurry up and join the fun.**

MONKEE'S BIGGEST POSTER SEPT. 1967

Please send me *16*'s MONKEE'S BIGGEST POSTER. I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

PLEASE PRINT

NAME ..... AGE .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZIP CODE .....

STATE .....

Mail this coupon to:

MONKEE'S BIGGEST POSTER

16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

THE MONKEE

Micky in swim trunks

Sammy

Now you can write a letter to your favorite

sure that you will get

FLASH! Attention all 16 **regulars! Presenting** The Monkee-Mailbox **— the only place in the world where you can write a letter to your favorite Monkee and be** sure **to get a** personal **answer. Here's a surprise for some of you lucky** 16**-ers who have written inquiries about the Monkees or sent personal letters to your fave in care of** 16 **Magazine:**

BEARDS!

Dear Monkees,

I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw those pictures of you with beards in another magazine. Why did you do that? Are you going to keep the beards? Please don't.

Lily Farren

Locust Valley, N.Y.

• *Hi Lily,*

Mike Nesmith here. Fear not, we are all clean-shaven once again. We did the beards as a gag. Besides, it was kind of fun not to have to shave every day for a while.

MIKE

MICKY UNVEILED

Dear Micky,

I am dying to have a picture of you in a bathing suit. Do you have one? Will you please print it in this column?

Sally Shaw

New Orleans, La.

• **Dear Sally,**

You name it, you got it. One pic of mighty Mick in swim trunks — coming up!

MICKY

PETER DUMB?

Dear Peter,

You always play the dumb one on the show. One of my girl friends says that that's the way you are in real life, but I don't believe that. You look intelligent to me.

Vera Klause

Raleigh, N.C.

• *Dear Vera,*

Thank you, thank you, thank you! *It's hard for me to toot my own horn, as you know — so I'll simply say that I play my Monkee role purely for comedy and that certain characteristics that you see there are truly mine, and that in my private life there is a serious and studious side to me that doesn't show on* The Monkees.

PETER

MONKEE FUTURES?

Dear Davy,

What are you and the other Monkees planning to do in the future?

Clara Ann Jessie

Tupper Lake, N.Y.

• **Dear Clara Ann,**

We are all planning to remain Monkees as long as you want us — which I hope will be for several more years. After that, I will continue in show business, hoping to do Broadway musicals and become a nightclub and TV entertainer (and I will have business companies under my present

-MAILBOX

Monkee — or to all four Monkees — and be

personal reply!

corporation, which is called David Jones Enterprises). Micky wishes to continue his career as an actor and a singer, and maybe even get his own TV series one day. Peter would like to go into movies and further his career as a comedian-singer. He also wishes to continue to be a recording artist — as do all of us. Mike undoubtedly will open his own recording studio one day and discover and record new groups and individual singers.

DAVY

MONKEE PROGRAMS

Dear Monkees,

Help! I went to your show in Wichita (which was fantabulous), but they sold out of programs before I could get one. Please, please *please* tell me where I can order one now.

Brenda Benson

Wichita, Ks.

• *Dear Brenda,*

Send a check, cash or money order for $1.25 to Ed Justin, Monkee Programs, 711 Fifth Ave., New York City. Be sure to print your name and address clearly and indicate exactly what *you want* — a Monkee Program. *Thanks for caring.*

MIKE

WHATZA GIG?

Dear Peter,

I'd like to know what the word "gig" means. David Pearl uses it in his articles about the Monkees quite often. Exactly what *does* "gig" mean?

Joan Smith

North Hollywood, Calif.

• **Dear Joan,**

A booking, performance, or work of any **kind in show biz that you get bread (that's money, honey) for is called a** gig. **Dig?**

PETER

MICKY'S MARRIAGE RUMORS

Dear Micky,

I know you have denied it before, but I keep hearing rumors that you are engaged or married to Samantha Juste, an English girl who writes a column for a music newspaper in London. Please tell me the truth.

Evelyn Dartz

Brockton, Mass.

• *Dear Evelyn,*

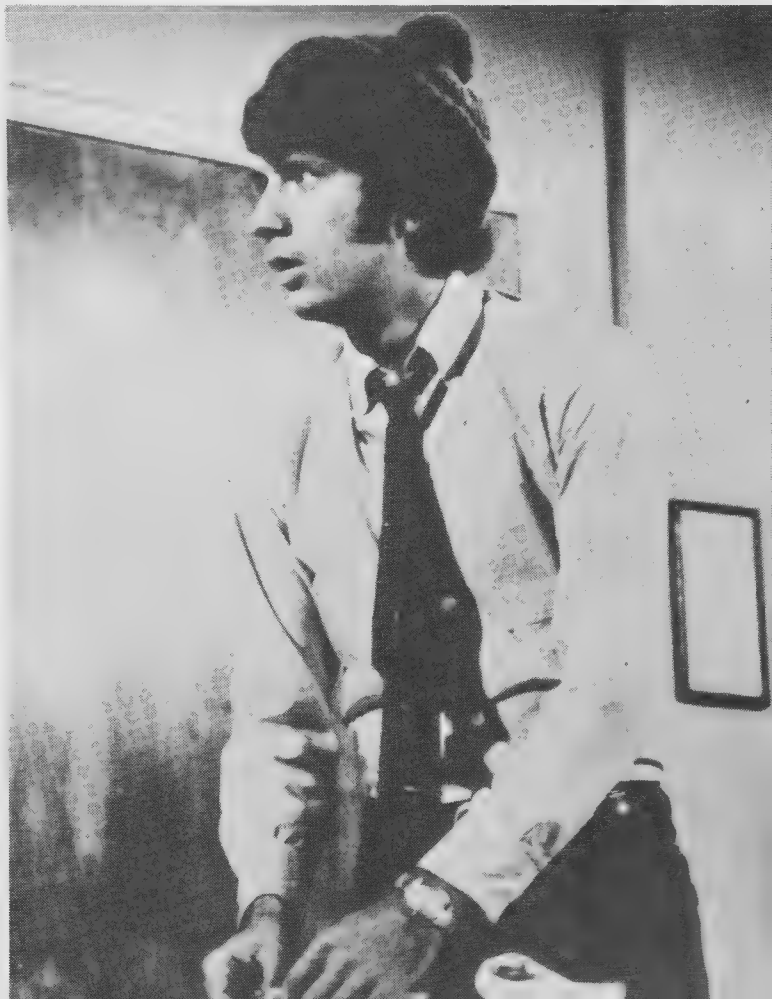
Sammy, as we call her, is a good friend. We've dated when she's been here in America, but we're not going steady and we have no plans to be married. Hope that makes this clear once and for all.

MICKY

That's all there's room for this month. If you want to write to us, either as a group or individually, send your letters to The Monkee-Mailbox, 16 **Magazine, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10022. Then be sure to pick up all the future issues of** 16 **and look for your letter and our answers.**

Davy and Peter

Mike



LOVIN' SPOONFUL
c/o Bob Cavallo
1414 Sixth Ave.
New York, N.Y.

MAMAS & PAPAS
321 So. Beverly Drive
Beverly Hills, Calif.

LEE MAJORS FAN CLUB
8540 Ridpath Drive
Los Angeles 46, Calif.

DAVID McCALLUM & ROBERT VAUGHN
10202 Washington Blvd.
Culver City, Calif.

McCOYS NATIONAL FAN CLUB
Debbie Faith, Pres.
P.O. Box 375
Ansonia Station—N.Y., N.Y. 10023

ROGER MOBLEY
Walt Disney Productions
500 So. Buena Vista
Burbank, Calif.

MOBY GRAPE
Suite 810
Fox Plaza
San Francisco, Calif. 94102

MONKEE NATIONAL FAN CLUB
Box 9
Los Angeles, Calif. 90051
(Send $1.50)

THE MONKEES
Screen Gems Studio
1334 N. Beachwood
Hollywood, Calif.

LEONARD NIMOY
NBC-TV
3000 W. Alameda
Burbank, Calif.

TOMMY NORDEN
110 Riverside Drive
New York, N.Y. 10024

PETER & GORDON
c/o JoAnne Lucas
Suite 236
2770 Belknap N.E.
Grand Rapids, Mich. 49505

GENE PITNEY INTERNATIONAL FAN CLUB
P.O. Box 326
Rockville, Conn. 16066

ELVIS PRESLEY
3764 Highway 51 South
Memphis, Tenn.

JON PROVOST INTERNATIONAL FAN CLUB
Box 1204
Beverly Hills, Calif. 90213

THE RASCALS
Box 380
Planetarium Station
New York, N.Y.

PAUL REVERE, MARK LINDSAY & THE RAIDERS
9126 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.

JOHNNY RIVERS FAN CLUB
c/o Allen Foster
132 South Rodeo Drive
Beverly Hills, Calif.

TOMMY ROE FAN CLUB
Our Productions
6290 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif. 90028

BRYAN RUSSELL
Walt Disney Productions
477 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y.

KURT RUSSELL
Walt Disney Studios
500 S. Buena Vista
Burbank, Calif.

MITCH RYDER
1841 Broadway
New York, N.Y.

KEITH AND KEVIN SCHULTZ
Qualis Productions
20th Century-Fox TV
Los Angeles, Calif.

THE SEEDS
Suite 206
Brompton Productions
8255 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif. 90046

SIMON & GARFUNKEL FAN CLUB
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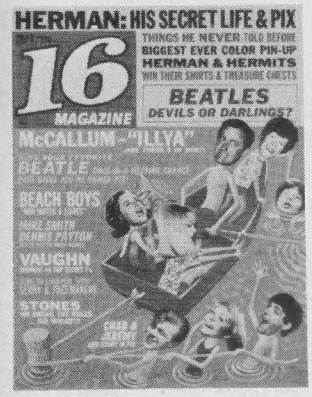
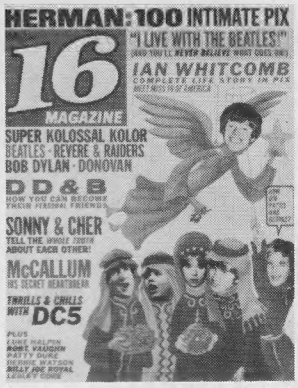
YOU *MISSED PLENTY* IF YOU *MISSED ANY* OF THESE BACK ISSUES! GET 'EM WHILE THEY LAST!

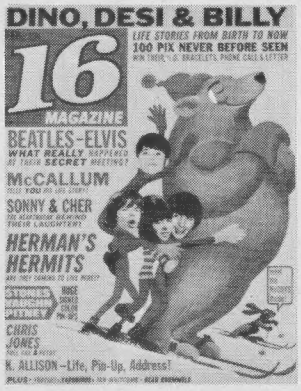


In SEPT. 1965 issue you get Herman's Secret Life and Pix plus a color pin-up of him and Hermits; and fab features on McCallum, Beatles, Beach Boys, Stones, Chad & Jeremy, etc.!

In OCT. 1965 issue you learn the truth about the Beatles' girls, Herman confesses his hates and luvs, Stones reveal 100 sizzling secrets, Chad and Jeremy answer 80 snoopy questions, etc., etc.!

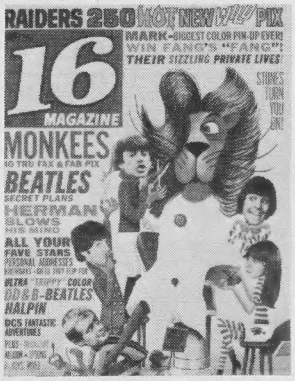


The JAN. 1966 issue has 100 pix of 'erman (intimate)! Super Kolossal Kolor of the Beatles, R. & Raiders, Dylan & Donovan! Sonny & Cher tell about each other! The secret heartache of McCallum plus much mucha more!

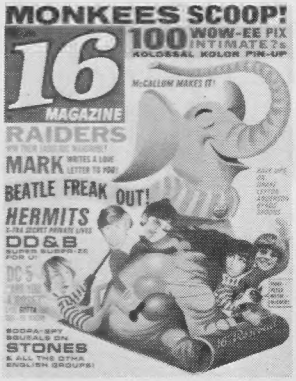


In FEB. 1966 issue you get the life story and 100 pix of Dino, Desi & Billy; McCallum's life story; an inside secret story on Sonny & Cher; huge color pin-ups and much, much more!

In MAR. 1966 issue are 50 wild pix and 50 secrets of the Beatles, color pin-ups of DD&B, Sonny & Cher, Elvis, Chris Jones, the DC5 answer 55 questions, and The Raiders tell on each other!

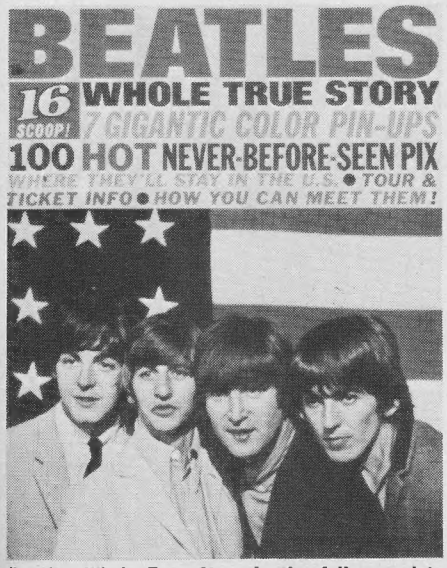


In JAN. 1967 issue there are 250 wild pix of the Raiders, true fax and fab pix of the Monkees, addresses and birthdays and gift guide of your fave stars, fantastic color pin-ups — and plenty more!



In FEB. 1967 issue we give you 100 wow-ee pix plus intimate ?'s on the Monkees, a love letter from Mark, a Beatle freak out, secret lives of the Hermits, rave-ups on Byrds, Spoons and your other special-fab groups!

In Winter SPEC '67 you get 180 private pix on the Monkees and Raiders, 10 color pin-ups (Davy, Micky, Mike, Peter, Leyton, Mark, Fang, Harpo, Smitty, Paul) — also fab features on the Beatles, Herman's Hermits, D, D & B, etc.!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YOUNG McCALLUM
ROBIN IS A PUSSYCAT!
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SEPT. 1967

- September 1965 issue of "16" ..... ☐
- October 1965 issue of "16" ..... ☐
- January 1966 issue of "16" ..... ☐
- February 1966 issue of "16" ..... ☐
- March 1966 issue of "16" ..... ☐
- January 1967 issue of "16" ..... ☐
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NEXT TIME

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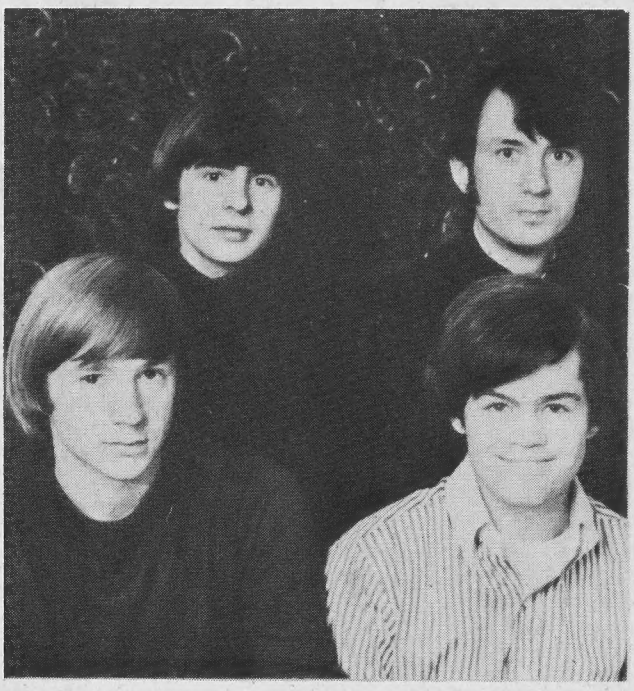
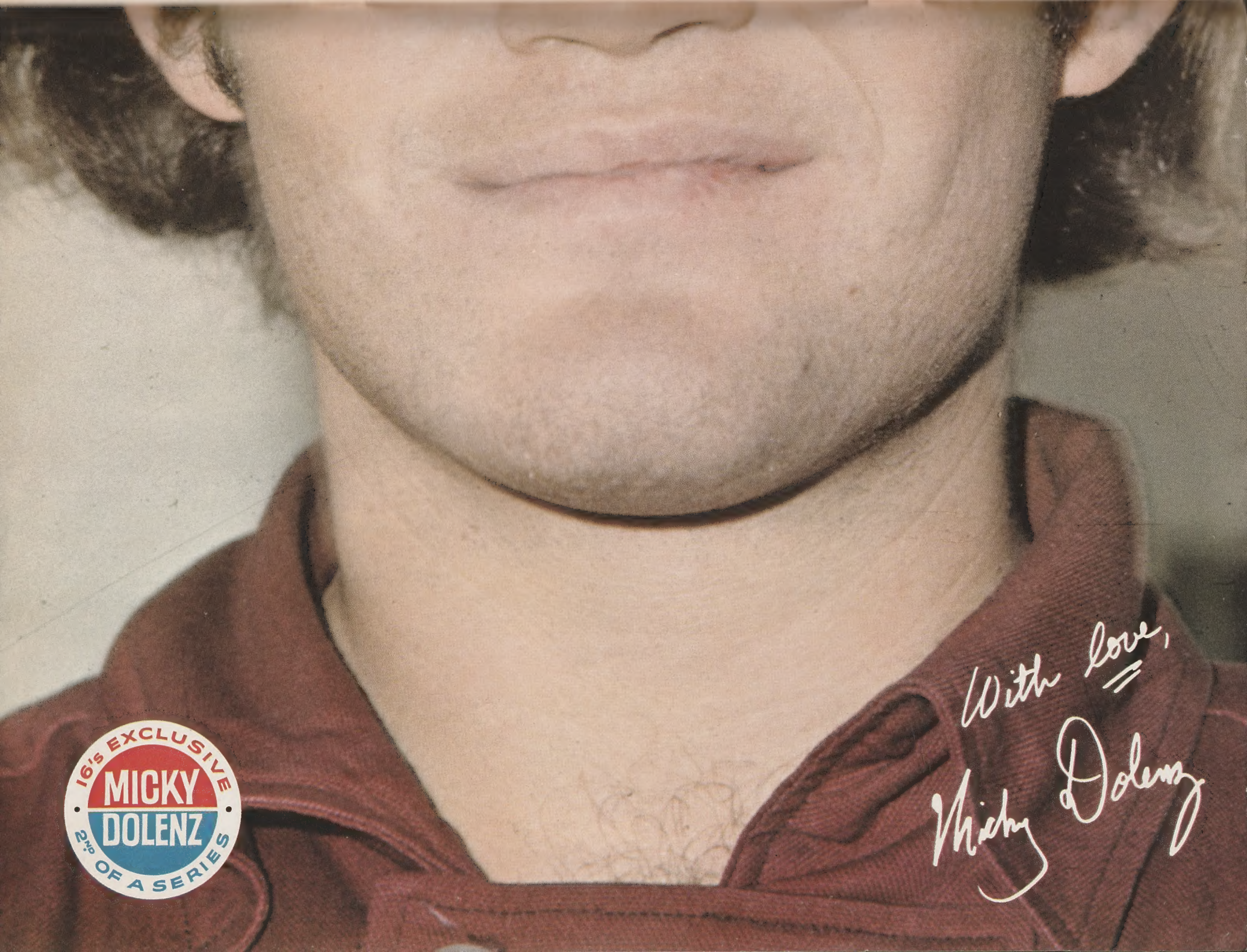


BE SURE TO PICK UP YOUR OCTOBER ISSUE OF 16 *AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND–ON SALE AUGUST 22!*


16's EXCLUSIVE
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DOLENZ
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With love,
Micky Dolenz

Freddy
Paul
Charlie
Love,
Mark